CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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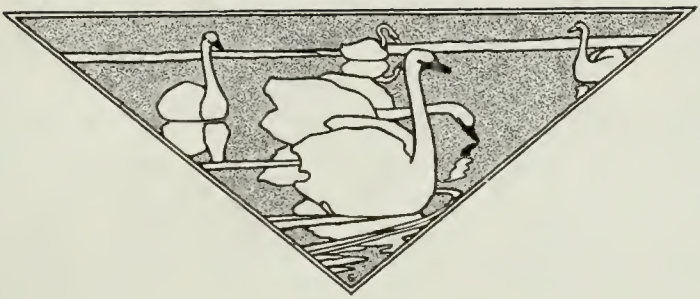


"I THOUGHT I'D JUST SHOW YOU HOW I WAS FEELING BETTER, DANNY," SHE SMILED

CANADA MONTHLY

VOLUME VIII. LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1910 NUMBER 5

THE ARCTIC CIRCLE PLOUGHMAN'S METHODS MAY NOT BE QUITE ORTHODOX—BUT HE GETS RESULTS JUST THE SAME

TO THE POLE BY RAIL

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

Author of "The Trouble Train," "The Proxy Wife," etc.

IF you wish for something new in the way of a vacation trip, why not take a run up to the Arctic Circle? Oh, yes, you can do it without trouble, making an advance schedule that you could follow about as closely as you could a similar schedule for any other trip of the same length. And you might take your wife along. Oh, yes, indeed. It's not such a hard trip as you think—to Edmonton by rail, and then a little over nineteen hundred miles to Fort McPherson, well within the Arctic Circle and not far from the Arctic Ocean. No, you can't make it all by rail—not yet—but the railway does not lag far behind other means of transportation when the conditions are right, and there are plans—. But we'll get the the plans later.

Your trip from Edmonton north would be mostly by steamers. You might have to cover a portage behind an ox team, and you would have one rather long stage-ride, but you would find the means of transportation ready and the cost of it, considering the time and distance, quite reasonable—about two hundred and sixty dollars for the round trip of approximately three thousand nine hundred miles from Edmonton to Edmonton. Your preparations would not have to be elaborate, either. You would take the trip

in the summer, of course. The route, with some slight variations, is covered regularly by dog trains in the winter, but you probably would prefer the summer, and they have the long day up there then.

As for your wife—why, you needn't take her along unless you wish, but lots of women make shorter trips of a similar nature from Edmonton every summer. And there would be much that would interest and surprise—especially surprise—you both.

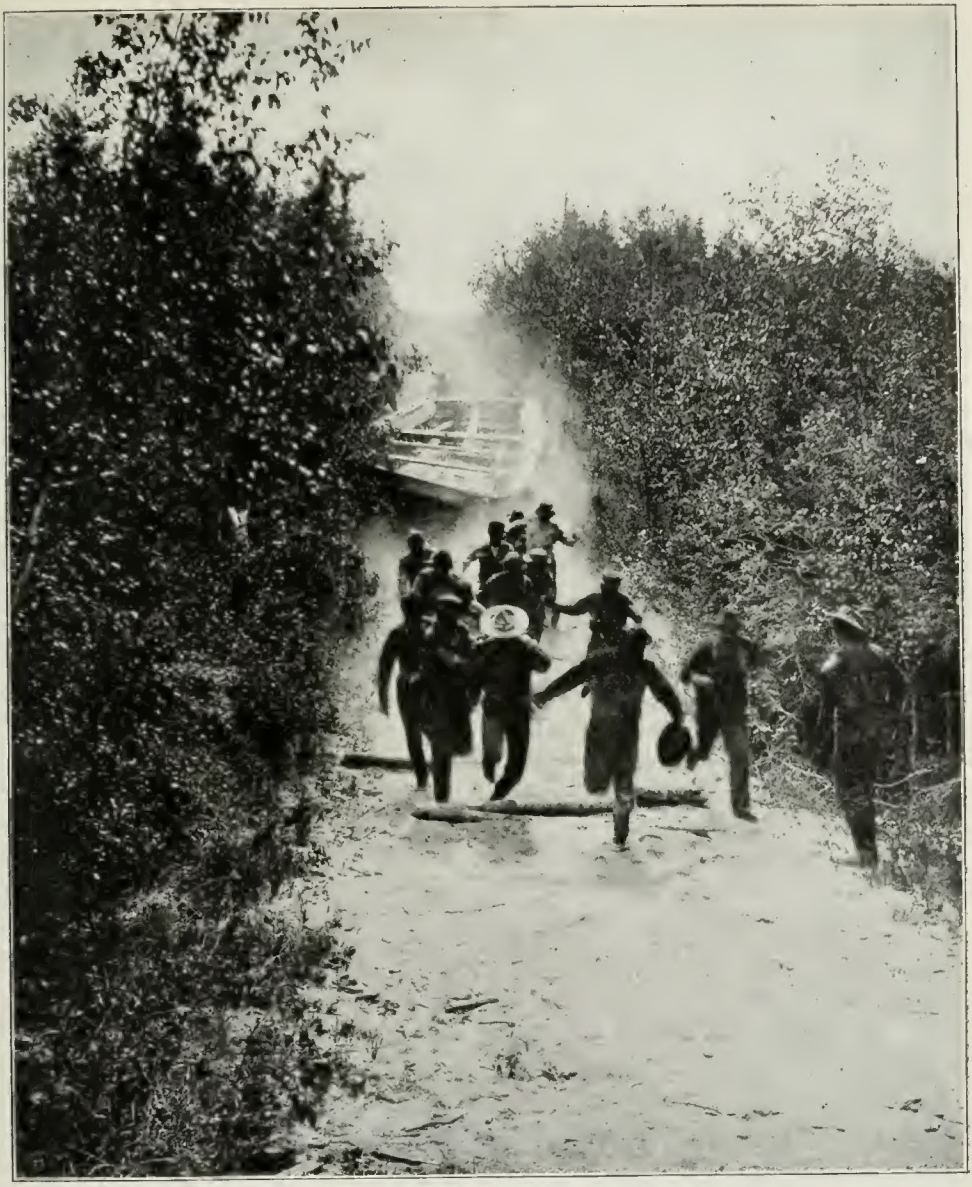
For instance, you and she would find cabbages and onions and other garden vegetables growing at Fort Good Hope, within fourteen miles of the Arctic Circle—right where you supposed there was never anything but ice and snow. At Fort Providence, about five hundred and fifty miles north of Edmonton. you would find strawberries, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, and saskatoons, in addition to vegetables and wheat. And with this huge unprospected area to operate in who shall not say that there are not new Yukons and new Cobalts awaiting the magic word? You would also visit many other forts and see much that would hold your attention and make you wonder that you could possibly have had such an erroneous idea of the country to the far north, but the wheat at Fort Providence brings me to the point of my article.

The railway follows the plow, as a general rule. Occasionally, to reach business that lies beyond, the railway will cross undeveloped country ahead of the plow, as was the case with the early transcontinental railroads in the United States. Then, too, the discovery of mineral deposits may take the railway where there is no business for the plow. If some scientist could and should prove that, instead of an open Polar sea, there are great copper or iron or coal deposits near the Pole, the Arctic explorers who have made such desperate efforts to get there would soon be able to make the trip in a sleeping car. A little matter of crossing the Arctic Ocean by trestle and bridge would not deter the railway engineers if sufficient business lay on the farther side. But lacking these exceptional incentives to extension, the railway follows the plow, and the plow is moving steadily northward.

Railway building in Canada, especially western Canada, has been almost exclusively east and west, but of late north and south branches have been receiving attention. The three great east and west roads, even while building only westward, have been pushing development to the north. For instance, the main line of the Canadian Pacific, the first to be built, is the most southerly of the three. The Canadian Northern, the second in point of time, and the first railway built north of the Saskatchewan River, lies much to the north in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and eastern Alberta, and the Grand Trunk Pacific, when completed, will be slightly north of present roads in Quebec, Ontario, western Alberta and British Columbia. The Canadian Northern is also building northward from Edmonton to Athabasca Landing.

A better idea of the situation may be secured by reducing this northward tendency to miles. Let us take Medicine Hat as a base. It is on the main line of the Canadian Pacific and is about the same latitude as Winnipeg, which is approximately three hundred and fifty miles north of St. Paul. The main line of the Canadian Northern runs through Saskatchewan and Alberta one hundred to two hundred and fifty miles north of Medicine Hat, a branch making a circuit north to reach Prince Albert, and from this branch another branch runs to The Pas *on the direct route to Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay.* I shall have more to say of this Hudson Bay project later; just now I am considering the northward movement of the east and west lines.

The Grand Trunk Pacific, in this territory, lies between the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern, but the Canadian Pacific has another line north of its original main line. The first locomotive to reach Edmonton was an engine of the Edmonton, Western & Yukon Railway, now part of the Canadian Northern; since which time all three roads have figured prominently on Edmonton in all their plans; and all three touch Saskatoon, but the Canadian Northern, between



RATTLING A FIFTY-FOOT SCOW OVER THE MANTAISE PORTAGE. GOODS AND BOATS ARE PORTAGED FOUR TIMES IN TWENTY-FIVE MILES ON ACCOUNT OF THE RAPIDS ON SLAVE RIVER

Winnipeg and Edmonton, has the most northern route. Edmonton is about two hundred and fifty miles north of the latitude of Medicine Hat. The Grand Trunk Pacific, when completed, will go that about one hundred miles better, reaching a point in British Columbia on the way to Prince Rupert, about three hundred and fifty miles north of the latitude of Medicine Hat, although Prince Rupert itself is only about three hundred miles north.

The northward tendency of the east and west roads, it will be seen, has been steady, although slow. Now there are plans that contemplate a more direct invasion of the north. During 1909 the Canadian Northern has swung north its main line from Edmonton towards the Yellowhead, construction now pro-

ceeding from Saint Albert on the Morinville branch to Lake Ste. Anne, and intending to reach into the Peace River country as soon as rails can be laid. Another of these roads will run to Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay, and still another will ultimately reach Dawson. The former will open a new and shorter route to Europe for the exports and imports of western Canada (although the water end of this route will be open not more than five months in the year,) and the other will give a new and more direct line of communication with the Yukon country.

Before taking up these railway plans in detail, let us see how far into that northern country, which we associate with snow and ice and desolation, the plow has gone; and what promise the country gives the plow. We will consider this without regard to any particular route or routes, merely seeking to learn what the country generally can offer as an inducement to railway building.

As already mentioned, vegetables are grown at Fort Good Hope, a point about eight hundred and fifty miles north of Edmonton, and some one thousand one hundred miles north of Medicine Hat; but vegetables alone will never carry a railway into the north. The most northerly points at which grain is reported are Forts Simpson and Providence, both in about the same latitude and approximately eight hundred miles north of Medicine Hat. According to Fort Simpson reports, barley is a sure crop, wheat four times out of five, and melons, if started under glass, ripen well. The Fort Providence report I have already given, although I may add that oats and barley are raised in addition to wheat.

Other agricultural reports (most of them the result of government investigations), from points north of the present railway lines may be summarized as follows, the figures representing the distance in miles north of the latitude of Medicine Hat:

Fort Liard, 700.—All kinds of grain and garden stuff always come to maturity, ac-

A DUNVEGAN HARVEST—PUMPKINS, SQUASH, CITRONS, MELONS, CUCUMBERS, RIPE TOMATOES, CABBAGES, CAULIFLOWERS, CORN, ONIONS, BEETS, TURNIPS AND CELERY

A LADEN APPLE TREE AT MEDICINE HAT

cording to one report, while another says that wheat is a reliable crop at least four times out of five.

Fort Vermilion, 600.—Twenty-five thousand bushels of wheat a year, and the amount growing steadily. One man testified before a committee of the Canadian Parliament that in twenty years of farming he had not had a failure of his wheat crop, although the crop had been very small one year.

Fort Chippewyan, 600.—Oats, wheat and barley. Wheat and barley raised here received a medal at the Centennial at Philadelphia.

Fort McMurray, 500.—Wheat, barley, and vegetables.

Lesser Slave Lake, 450.—Good crops of oats, wheat, barley and vegetables.

Dunvegan, 450.—Wheat was raised as long ago as 1828.

Nelson House, 450.—Wheat not a sure crop, but oats and barley do well.

Hudson's Hope, 450.—Barley, wheat and vegetables.

Ile a la Crosse, 400.—All kinds of grain ripen successfully.

Stanley Mission, 400.—Archdeacon McKay raised good wheat seven years in succession without its being frosted.

Lest it be thought that these are mere isolated cases of "nursery" farming, it may be well to give some extracts from the report of the Select Committee of the Senate of Canada that investigated the whole subject.

This committee was given the task of inquiring into the resources of northern Canada, and there appeared before it men of such authoritative knowledge as J. Burr Tyrrell, who surveyed much of the country for the Canadian government; Archdeacon McKay, for forty-odd years in charge of northern missions; A. B. Low, Director of the Geological Survey; Elihu Stewart, formerly Superintendent of Forestry; Henry Anthony Conroy, whose duties as an Inspector in the Department of Indian affairs required him to make annual trips through much of the northern country; and innumerable residents of the northern districts. A summary of the information thus secured, including a brief report of the committee itself, was issued in 1908, with an introduction by Captain Ernest J. Chambers. The following paragraphs are from this report:

"According to the evidence given before your committee, there is north of Lake Winnipeg an area of from 5,000 to 10,000

square miles of country adapted to agriculture. . . . . .The inland fisheries of Keewatin are exceedingly valuable, while the mineral deposits are very promising."

Incidentally, it is through this Keewatin region, north of Lake Winnipeg, that the proposed line to Hudson Bay will run.

"As to the vast region north of the Saskatchewan Valley and west of Keewatin, which may be broadly described as the great Mackenzie basin, thoroughly authentic and well substantiated evidence shows that the country is very much more valuable than was at one time supposed, and is capable of sustaining a large and prosperous population. The settlements in this distant region, while, in comparison with its vast area, insignificant in number and extent, are important as demonstrating practically and unquestionably the great possibilities of this territory as an agricultural and industrial country, and also as emphasizing the importance of exploring and surveying such areas as are likely to first attract the stream of settlement which is bound to set in before long.

"According to one witness, who has had exceptional opportunities for familiarizing himself with the country and its resources, there is in the Peace River section of this country as much good agricultural land fit for settlement, and yet unsettled, as there is settled in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta to-day.

"Mr. W. F. Bredin, at this date member of the Alberta Legislative Assembly, who resides at Lesser Slave Lake, and who was examined before your committee, after a careful computation, estimates the area of agricultural lands available in the unorganized territory of Mackenzie, and in northern Alberta, say north of the fifty-fifth parallel of latitude, at not less than one hundred million acres."

Mr. R. E. Young, D.L.S., Chief Geographer of the Department of the Interior, also says:

"I would not go so far as some estimates that have been made as to areas available, but it may be taken as certain that there is in the north country at present at least three or four times the total area now under cultivation in the prairies which will yet be occupied by successful agriculturists. And in the belt of country farther north and extending westerly from Hudson Bay, as yet entirely unprospected, leading mineralogists do not hesitate to predict that there are very great possibilities of new and valuable mining fields being discovered."

The present stage and steamer route to Fort McPherson runs through this territory, and one of the proposed railroad routes to Dawson (by way of Athabasca Landing and Peace River Landing), will pass through the heart of this rich agricultural country.

Something of the possibilities of the country may be gleaned from the fact that, lacking the encouragement of railway transportation, there are nevertheless three flour mills and three saw mills at Vermilion, one flour mill and three sawmills at Lesser Slave Lake Settlement, and two flour mills and one sawmill at Peace River Crossing.

With regard to other natural resources, J. Burr Tyrrell reported that:

"The tree line starts practically at Churchill and runs northwesterly. . . . . South of that line there is a belt of from one hundred to two hundred miles in width that is sparsely wooded. . . . . South of that again is a belt of forest. . . . . .It is a forest country, a spruce covered country, and lies southwest of Hudson Bay, west of the Nelson River, north of the Saskatchewan River and extends to the Mackenzie and Athabasca Rivers."

Timber promises to be more and more an inducement to railway building, and this belt apparently extends from the proposed Hudson Bay road to the proposed Edmonton-Peace-River Landing-Dawson road. On this subject, and with regard to other natural resources, the report of the committee says:

"The various sections of the Mackenzie basin possess great forest wealth, the spruce areas in the north extending to the Arctic Sea.

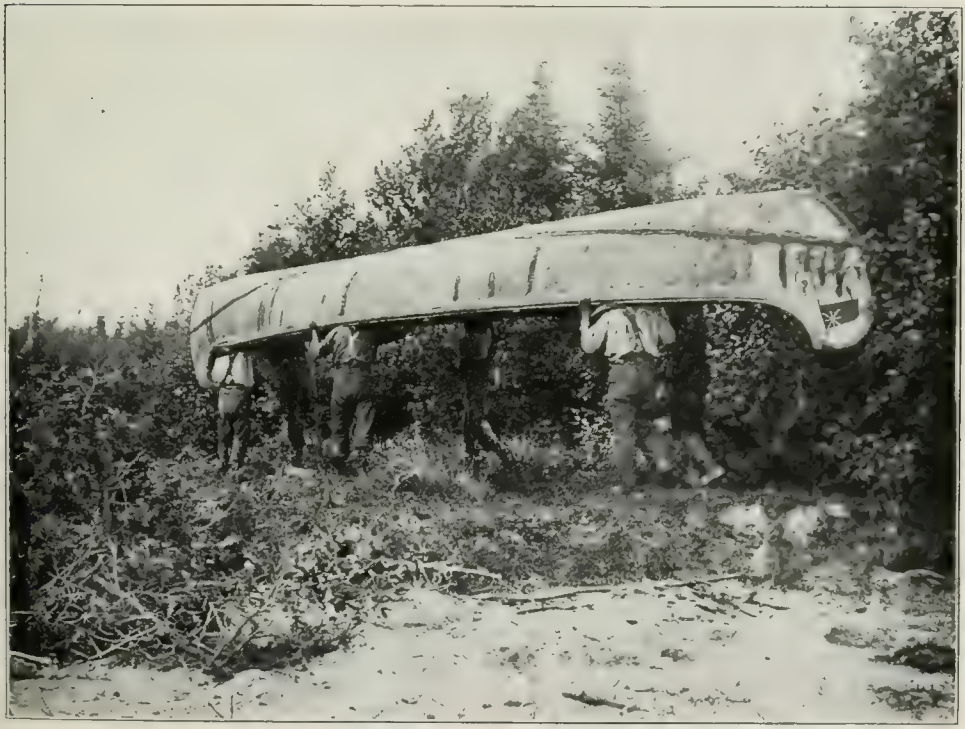
"The rivers and lakes of this region teem with fish of various kinds, and doubtless inauguration of an important fishing industry depends upon the provision of a market by the opening up of communication or the influx of population.

"There is an abundance of game, including an uncertain number of herds of equally uncertain numerical strength of wood buffalo. . . . . .

"The mineral wealth of this region is undoubtedly considerable, including deposits of coal, oil, copper, silver, gold, native salt, sulphur, ochre, sand suitable for glass making, tar sands, etc. The large area of oil sands, oil gum, or 'asphaltum,' as it is sometimes called, along the Athabasca, promises to be of great commercial value, and prospectors are now engaged, with costly equipment, in exploring that neighborhood for oil. It would appear that, in view of the uncertainty as to the exact character of these deposits, they demand the attention of the officers of the government for the purpose of devising regulations for the security and proper exploitation of what appears to be a valuable national asset."

The last sentence is significant, for the Canadian government has done,

A FIFTY-FOOT SCOW SHOOTING WHITE WATER ON SLAVE RIVER



PORTAGING A GIANT H. B. C. CANOE

and is doing, a tremendous amount of work to bring the resources of the country within easy reach. These resources, especially the agricultural, and the possibility of developing and exploiting them, may be better understood if we turn our attention for a moment to the climate. In summer they have the long day, increasing in length as one goes north, and the many hours of sunlight bring vegetation of all kinds to maturity much quicker than is the case farther south.

The report of the Committee has the following on this general subject:

"Although in the north the thermometer in the winter season registers a low temperature, the cold is much more bearable than are far higher temperatures in countries where there is humidity in the atmosphere. There is said to be little or no difference between the climate at Lesser Slave Lake and that at Edmonton, 250 miles to the south. The chinook winds blow as far north as Fort Providence, and for twenty-one days during last January it was not necessary to wear overcoats there. West of Peace River Crossing, stockmen require to feed their cattle about seven weeks in the winter. East of that the snow is deeper and the cattle have to be fed a little longer. At Fort St. John on the Peace River, they often sow wheat in March and invariably in April. Last year at the same place they began cutting the wheat on the last day of July."

Twenty-one days in January when overcoats were unnecessary at Fort Providence! What has St. Paul, over one thousand one hundred miles south, to say to that? Or Chicago, or New York, for that matter?

As nothing is convincing, especially in the line of railway plans, unless the reason is made clear, I have endeavored to give reasons for building north before passing on to a discussion of the plans. Railways do not go where there is no business, and they do go where there is business or where business can be developed, especially if they have government backing in the enterprise. So let us see what the railways are planning and doing and what help they are likely to have.

The two principal objective points, at the present time, are Fort Churchill and Dawson. A line following in a general way (although less circuitously) the stage and steamboat route to McPherson, would tap more of the great Mackenzie basin than an Edmonton-Dawson line, but the fact that there is nothing beyond McPherson makes any such project extremely remote. At best, such a line would proceed slowly, following rather than leading development. But a Dawson line would give a new outlet from the Klondike, with all Alaska lying behind it, and a Churchill line would open a new route to Europe.

Two Dawson lines are proposed. As they would start nearly six hundred miles apart, and pass through entirely different districts, it is possible that both may be constructed ultimately. One of them is the Grand Trunk Pacific's line, starting from a point not very far from Prince Rupert, on the Pacific side of the Canadian Rockies and running a little west of due north to Dawson. A subsidiary company called the Grand Trunk Pacific Branch Lines Company, with capital stock of $50,000,000, includes in its charter, among other things, the right "to lay out, construct and operate" a railway line "from a point on the western division of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway between the one hundred and twenty-seventh and one hundred and twenty-ninth degrees of longitude to Dawson."

The other proposed Dawson line is a Canadian Northern project, starting from Edmonton and running generally northwest, and here, also, the preliminary legislative steps have been taken, the road having charters for the Edmonton and Slave Lake Railway and the Edmonton, Western and Yukon. In fact, in the case of the Canadian Northern project the work of construction actually has been begun, the line now being in operation to Morinville, to the north of Edmonton, where there are large coal deposits, and contractors are now at work with instructions to push it on to Athabasca Landing at once. This is but little out of the direct route to Dawson, especially if the road here turns toward Lesser Slave Lake, but the plan, according to the maps, seems to be to make the Dawson line an entirely separate one from Edmonton northwest.

The Canadian government has been investigating the availability of a

SIXTEEN-FOOTERS ON THE ARCTIC OCEAN
In these seal-skin kayaks the Eskimos ride out any weather the northern seas can raise

Hudson Bay route to Europe for some time. One year it sent an expedition up there on a government steamer to pass back and forth through Hudson Straits as long as might be practicable, with a view to determining during just what period the route was safely navigable. All this came out in the hearing before the Select Committee. One of the witnesses had been through the straits nine times, and another four. They disagreed a little as to the period of safe navigation, but agreed that the snowstorms rather than the ice set the limit. So far as the ice alone was concerned, a strong vessel could be fairly sure of getting through at any time of the year, but the snowstorms made navigation hazardous. The route, apparently, can be safely used at least three months in the year, and not more than five.

Following close on the heels of these reports came the pledge of the government to begin actual construction work on the Hudson Bay line at an early date.

Now let us see what the railways themselves have to say with regard to northern extensions. The Canadian Pacific, although it has lines running north from its main line to Edmonton, which put it on even terms with the other roads at that point, is really the most southerly of the three and one might think, therefore, that it would be less interested in what lies north of the present railway territory. A representative of the Canadian Pacific, who spent the summer of 1908 in the far north, declares, however, that railway construction by his company may go as far as Great Slave Lake, above the sixtieth parallel, and possibly to Dawson. He says of that country:

"The traffic, outside of what is on the Yukon, would have to be developed. There is nothing at present to warrant building a line to any other point than Dawson; and probably not enough to warrant extensive building there; but, should the country be settled, there is no doubt there would be considerable in the way of agricultural traffic. Then the fish interests of the country could be developed to a considerable extent, and there are also minerals, such as salt, possibly petroleum, asphaltum, and very likely copper and other ores."

The Grand Trunk Pacific, although occupied with its main east and west line, incorporated the Grand Trunk Pacific Branch Lines Company (above

noted), one of the purposes being the building of the lines already mentioned.

The Canadian Northern, which has already built its line to the Pas and which made its own general survey northwest of that point before the Government sent its surveyors in, furnishes through one of its representatives, this explanation and summary of its plans, which it may be well to precede with the information that the summer isotherm (55 degrees mean temperature) makes a deep loop south of Hudson Bay, and then runs northwest, making a wide loop north of Dawson:

"Things don't grow in winter anyway. Farming depends upon mean summer temperature and duration of sunlight. Vegetables grow (outdoors) at Dawson City that are ready for use before the home-grown spring vegetables 'come in' at Buffalo.

"West of the summer isotherm (55 degrees), it is hard to say what the northern railway limit will be, because nobody can say, yet, just how far the plow will be able to haul the locomotive or to what extent the mineral deposits known to exist in the Pacific-Mackenzie watershed will support a population that will support a railway

"The Canadian Northern has a charter for the Edmonton and Slave Lake Railway, which, as a branch of the main line, is already constructed to Morinville on the way to Athabasca Landing, and the annual report announces that additional securities of this subsidiary line have been taken up by the parent company as a preparation for advancing the line to Athabasca Landing.

"The Canadian Northern also has a charter for the Edmonton, Western & Yukon Railway, which name speaks for itself. Beyond the Peace River much gold has been taken out of the Cassiar Mountain region on the Mackenzie side. As the whole of that region is mineral-bearing, it is easy to predict that the railroad to the Yukon will be built. So far, it may be said to be within definite plans—but not the profile plans of the construction engineer.

"This northwestern road is for the purpose of reaching a territory that can itself furnish traffic; the northeastern road (to Fort Churchill) is for the purpose of reaching a market over seas regardless of the country passed through on the way to the sea.

"On this northeastern line the Canadian Northern track is already at The Pas, on the Saskatchewan River, 98 miles northeast from Hudson Bay Junction on the Dauphin-Prince Albert line. There it halts until the government decides what to do. Sir Wilfrid Laurier had pledged himself to build the Hudson Bay line at once, and his surveyors are in the field, but the exact method to be adopted awaits decision. It is probable that the government will own the line and terminals, and control, through the Railway Commission, rates and the availability of the line for all railways operating in the west."

A question as to "dreams" of railroad extension north, as distinct from schemes considered now practical, brought the reply:

"A Yankee dreamer predicts that the short route from Paris to the Orient will be via Chesterfield Inlet Harbor (north end of Hudson Bay), connected by railway with a harbor on the Pacific Coast in about the latitude of Fort Simpson, but Chesterfield Inlet is only open about two months in the year, the barren lands that such a railway would have to cross would furnish no traffic, the Eskimos are not well supplied with currency, and the caribou, although numerous, are scarcely of sufficient exportable account to warrant any particular investment.

"There may be something more tangible in 'dreams' of a road to the Coppermine River (north of the Arctic Circle), when the electric age has brought us to a point where copper is as necessary as bread to humankind. It might be better to haul the copper, by rail, over the barrens than to take it out through Behring Straits. But that is decidedly remote.

"For a real 'dream' of a railway to the Pole, or at least to the Arctic Circle, what about utilizing the great deposits in the Arctic islands? There is any quantity of good bituminous coal on Baffin Island and other frigid islands. Solve the problem of getting it away from its native heath, bring it across the bay and you will have a 'possibility' of a railway that will run pretty well up toward the Pole."

According to present indications, we may yet have to go after that coal, and not only after coal, but after wheat and copper and petroleum. There are miles of coal along the Mackenzie River, one bed of which has been known to have been burning for nearly a hundred years, there is a flow of natural gas two hundred miles north of Edmonton strong enough to light a city. There is a Dominion Government Experiment Farm at Fort Vermilion, the farthest north experiment farm in the world, where vegetables, root-crops and grain have all shown splendid yields. There are miles of prairie waiting for the plow,—the plow that pulls the iron horse. And with all these forces at work to draw it, there is only the question of time to lay your bets on, for the fact of its coming is an absolute certainty.

The Last Drive

by Will·D·Ingersoll

Drawings by Frederic·M·Grant

THE log shanty, queer and gray and old, stood on a knoll that sloped down to a ravine where yellow blossoms dotted the grass like dropped gold coins. In the light of the quiet summer evening, the logs of the cabin, spongy and pored with age, were tinted delicately as faded coral.

There had been a time, in that settlement, when copies of this little dwelling could be seen, peeping lowly from many green bluffs: each with its small square of broken land before, laboriously blocked out of the virgin quarter-section with oxen and wood-beamed breaking-plow. But now it was a fenced and populous countryside, set with spacious farmhouses of frame and brick; wired to the distant city with telephone lines; traversed by two railroads. Only in the talk of the "old timers" by the winter fireside survived the log cabin, the "muskeg," the corduroy road, the "stopping-place," the ford.

Therefore, the little structure on the knoll, standing weather-worn and old in the setting light and watching its shadow, as in the dead, wild days, creep over the round slope, looked strangely picturesque—and the old couple, sitting side by side on the rail bench outside the door, seemed quaintly consistent with the spirit of its picturesqueness.

The hands of the old woman lay folded in her lap. Her thumbs were crossed over one another with an odd little pensive habit of her girlhood days, her sweet point of chin was uplifted, her eyes were serene. Her face was averted in quiet thoughtfulness from the fond regard of the babbling old man with the boyish expression looking out through his wrinkles, who sat with both hands on his knees and his neck craned forward, pouring into her ear a little brooklet of trivialities.

Through all the long, smoothly-drifting years of their married life, she had gently queened it, he her loving servitor. His life had been one long story of plans impulsively conceived and irresolutely abandoned; hers, one long effort to impart to his variable character some of the serene stability of her own. It had been a pleasant labor, a labor of love—and though it had been unproductive, the tender light in her eyes as she now turned her head and looked into his weak, eager face, showed that her fondness and faith in him yet remained unshaken.

"Danny," she said, laying her hand across his, "Danny-boy!" She looked straightway into his eyes; and he, meeting her glance with his old look of child-like reliance, waited for her to finish. She said no more; but in her expression was an earnestness, a gravity, that made him feel, he knew not why, afraid.

He searched her face with his dog-like brown eyes; then, sliding nearer on the bench, he laid a shaking hand about her shoulders, spreading out his rough fingers over the sleeve of her wrapper with a lingering, caressing touch. She was soft and small; and she yielded lovingly as his arm came around her, laying her gray head back

on his shoulder and smiling up into his anxious eyes. A shuddering breath of relief shook his big, shrunken chest.

"Ye scairt me, Delia, kind of," he said, the corners of his mouth drawn down concernedly, "what did ye look at me like that, for?—I mean, like ye did when ye first turned around? Eh? Y'ain't no worse to-night, are ye? Ye said ye felt better, this mornin'. Ye mind sayin' that, don't ye, Delia? Eh, Delia?"

"Yes, Danny." She looked up at him wanly; and, seeing how faintly the faded red and white met beneath the webwork of lines on her cheek, he bent his head low over hers, and whispered fearfully: "Ye ain't goin' to—to—?"

With an effort, she straightened and sat upright. "Now, don't you worry, Danny-boy," she said; her hand, small and red, in his hard palm. "I was just thinkin' how—how nice it would be if we could go for just a little drive together, before it gets dark."

"Drive!" echoed the old man, joyously, "ye mus' be better, then, Delia, 'r ye wouldn't feel chipper enough to go drivin'. You just set here now, quiet; an' I'll have ol' Doll hooked to the buckboard 'fore ye c'n say 'Jack Robi'son'".

He drew his arm from about her gently, arose, and shambled, with his coat-tails bobbing in and out between his legs, down toward the little shed where Doll, the mare, and Daisy, the red cow, in adjacent stalls with a rail boundary between them, munched their evening meal of fresh-cut hay.

The evening was now at its stillest, reddest hour—the hour that precedes that long, slowly-fading twilight in which one may, undisturbed by any sound, concentrate the fancy on the dreaming of some special, sweet dream. On the ponds the light lay, without scintillation, quietly and gloriously. On the prairie were long shadows under crimson overlay of sunset air. In the depths of the groves were rustlings, and leaf-filtered radiance, and cobweb strands silkily afloat from pendent willow-branches.

The shed, with the cracks between its crooked logs giving it an almost human appearance of wrinkled age, stood at the end of a little lane of tall, young poplars. The old man's scythe, smooth and gray with wear and weather, and his three-pronged pitchfork leaned against one end; and at the other was a little pile of hay, giving forth a great fragrance of mint.

A little distance off stood an old, warp-wheeled vehicle, its body bleached ash-color with the beating of many rains and one hind-wheel wanting a spoke. This the old man seized by the shafts and backed into position before the shed-door. Then, throwing a handful of "screenings" from a box outside the door to the hen and her chickens that trooped noisily from an adjacent straw-heap to meet him, he hurried inside to harness the broadly built, mild-eyed old mare, who half turned her white-starred head and whinnied softly, expecting oats, as he swung open the slab door of her shelter. He patted her big flank as he squeezed up alongside her in the narrow stall; and, taking her harness from its peg, he threw it on, buckled it with the deftness of long practice, bridled the beast, and led her out.

He had harnessed her to the buckboard and was sliding her lines through the terret-ring, when down the path between the poplars, walking slowly and feebly, came the old woman, shawled and bonneted.

"I thought I'd just show you how I was feeling better, Danny," she exclaimed, forcing a brave, bright smile as, rather breathless, she reached his side and leaned on his arm to rest. He looked down at her in a glow, sliding

two awkwardly-tender arms beneath her elbows.

"Guess, maybe, I can lift ye in, Delia, can't I?" he said, a little bashfully.

"You're not strong enough, Danny-boy," she said, archly; and the remnant of a dimple, down among the puckerings of her withered little chin, challenged him demurely.

"Ain't strong enough, Delia,—ain't strong enough, eh?" he responded, boisterously, as he wound his sinewy old arms around her and gruntingly swung her up on the rain-bleached cushion. "There, now! Ain't I strong enough?"

She lowered her eyes and looked at him brightly, her cheeks warm, as he gripped the iron brace of the seat and climbed in alongside. Then she folded her hands, crossing the little, thin thumbs again quaintly, and looked out over the red prairie.

The old man twitched the lines and chirped at the mare; and, staggering queerly on its ricketty wheels, the ancient vehicle rattled off down the trail, throwing a lank, long, moving shadow of nodding heads and spinning spokes across the daisy-dotted grass.

"Which way would ye like to go, Delia, now?" said the old man, his hand about his beard and his eyes on her tenderly.

"Just ahead, Danny-boy; that's all," she murmured, with far-away eyes.

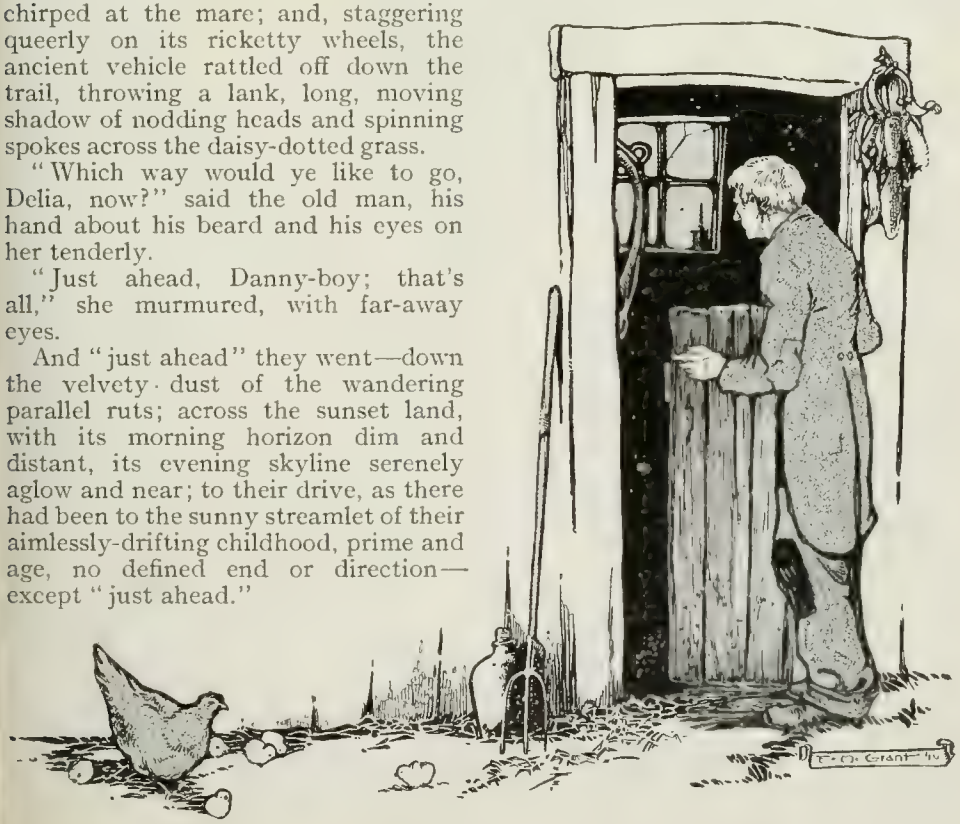
And "just ahead" they went—down the velvety dust of the wandering parallel ruts; across the sunset land, with its morning horizon dim and distant, its evening skyline serenely aglow and near; to their drive, as there had been to the sunny streamlet of their aimlessly-drifting childhood, prime and age, no defined end or direction—except "just ahead."

Just, in fact, like this course over that prairie road, with its long level intervals, its occasional swell and fall, its random gliding into the momentary shadow of a copse, had been their wandering through life. To no altitudes of happiness had they risen, to no depths of sorrow sunk; and, if ever dark moments had come, they had touched and glided away as lightly and quickly as the fitful dusk of the copse.

"Danny-boy," said the little, old woman, presently, in a low voice, "can you remember how you got along without me, when you was a boy, before I came to play with you?—can you remember, my Danny-boy?" Her eyes, alight with a great seriousness, swept his face from eyes to chin. The old man looked at her with a half-awe.

"N-not very good, I can't remember that, Delia," he said, speaking slowly, "why, Delia?"

"Because," her voice was so low and thrilling that the reins fell from his



THE MILD-EYED OLD MARE WHINNIED SOFTLY AS HE SWUNG OPEN THE SLAB-DOOR

hand, trailing loosely over the dash-board, "because you may have to try and get along without——" her voice died away irresolutely as she gazed at him, "—without—oh, well, never mind, Danny-boy. I just thought I'd ask you about old times, and see if you remembered."

She smiled faintly as she finished speaking; and the old man, drawing a quick breath, answered the smile with a little, doubtful trembling of his mouth-corners.

"Danny-boy," there was a little forced dilution of gaiety in her tone now, as a hand, coming forth from under her red shawl, pinched his coat-sleeve playfully, "do you know how many years it is since—since that day when you were so back-ward and red, with your hair all rumpled and your tie away up 'round your ears—that Sunday after-noon, Danny, when you—when you was trying to tell me something and I knew what you was trying to tell me, but didn't let on I knew, Danny-boy, till you was 'most ready to give up trying to say it?"

The old man averted a warm face, raised his palm from his knee, and looked into it bashfully. Then he slowly inserted a finger into the wrinkled corner of his nearer eye, probing for fancied dust-specks.

"I mind the day, Delia," he said, redly, "how many years is it, was you goin' to say?"

"How many would you think, now, Danny?" The old woman's playful tone seemed strangely out of keeping with the wanness of her cheeks and the heaviness of her eyes.

"Quite a few, Delia, ain't it?"

"Forty-eight years, Danny. Forty-eight years, a week from tomorrow. Why, it doesn't seem that long. You haven't changed much, Danny-boy." The thin old hand slid down his sleeve till it reached the rough back of his wrist. There, the small veined fingers, resting, beat a fond, light tattoo.

"You ain't changed at all, Delia," the old man said, clearing his throat and looking down at the tapping fingers with a comical diffidence, "that is, you ain't changed much until tonight. You ain't quite the same tonight, Delia, somehow. You've scairt me, the way you looked an' talked, a couple o' times. I ain't never heard you talk so queer. An' I know you ain't so mean as to be actin' that way a-purpose to scare me. But you're talkin' all right now; so you're feelin' all right, too, now, ain't you, Delia? You ain't very sick now, are you, Delia? Eh, Delia?"

"Don't you worry 'bout me, Danny-boy," she answered—but, even as she spoke, her voice sank suddenly and feebly. The clattering of the rig, however, kept the old man from noting the change of tone; and, reassured by her reply, he flicked the lines briskly over the mare's back and, as the buckboard rattled forward, said:

"Forty-eight years! My, that's a long while, ain't it, Delia? An' we've b'n good comp'ny for each other all that while. It don't seem like forty-eight years to me. Does it to you? Eh, Delia? Does it?"

A shadowy pressure of the old woman's caressing fingers answered.

"It don't seem much different to be old to what it is to be young," the old man chattered on, "see how I lifted you int' the rig, that time, Delia. I'm strong yit, you bet, Delia. G'arntee I can do as big a day's work as ever I done in my life. Why, another thirty years, an' we'll be pritty near a hundred, won't we? Two Methooselams, Delia? Eh? Gosh! then we can say we're old."

The eyes of the old woman were closed; and, partly from the eagerness of his conversation and partly owing to the thickening dusk, the old man did not see how her face had changed.

"You're a little sick now, Delia," he proceeded, animatedly, "but I'm goin' to git you well inside of another week. I'm goin' to take you out drivin' in the fresh air every evenin',

same as we're doin' tonight, Delia. I ain't going to let you do a tap o' work—not even make the toast and tea f'r breakfast, or water the geran'ums or feed the Dicky-bird. Well, p'raps you can do them last two things, if you like, 'cause I know you like doin' them, Delia, just them two, but—why, Delia, your hands is gittin' fearful cold; ter'ble cold! Maybe we've b'n out too long. P'raps we'd better be gittin' back home; an' I'll put on a fire an' get you warmed up nice an' warm. I culled a heap o' red willow out o' that bunch o' scrub back o' the stable, today; that'll make us a dandy fire. I thought, maybe, we might be needin' it, these nights when you get feelin' so chilly, like you have a while back. An' then, after you get nice an' warm an' cosy, we'll have supper, an' after that, talk a spell 'fore it's time to go to bed. I feel like talkin', somehow, tonight, Delia. How you feelin' now, yourself? Better? Eh, Delia?"

There was no answer. He bent forward and peered into her face.

"Gone off to sleep, eh?" he muttered, straightening up again and stroking her gray hair with his rough palm, "well, I'll have to see an' keep the little womanie warm till we get back to the house."

He pondered a moment; then, stopping the horse and standing up in the rig, he slipped off his coat and laid it about her shoulders. Then, turning the horse about, he drove homeward, holding the lines in one hand and keeping the other held over the little, cold, inert fingers in the old woman's lap.

"It's lonely, with Delia asleep and me awake all by myself," he murmured forlornly, as the vehicle rattled back through the growing darkness, "we 'most gen'ally go to sleep together, nights. I make the kindlin's and wind the 'larm-clock an' then put out the lamp, an' then we gets into bed and both goes to sleep 'most always the same, identical minute. My, I feel queer an' lonely, tonight."

The night gathered blackly around, more densely, as the clouds had massed overhead, choking out the starlight. One by one, the groves at the roadside, weird thick blots in the darkness, were passed by the trotting horse; and finally, as the buckboard drew up on the slope before the cottage, with its cheerless, dark window, the herald drops of a night shower came pattering down on the rail bench. The old man, all his muscles aching, laid down the lines and climbed stiffly to the ground.

"'Fraid I must wake her," he muttered, regretfully, "for I'm that stiff, I might let her drop, if I tried to lift her out now. Delia!"

There was no response. He stepped close, laid his hand on her shoulder, and gently shook her.

"Delia!" he said again, more loudly.

Something moved about her. It was only the coat, however, sliding off her inert shoulders.

"My!" complained the old man, fretfully, "she sleeps sound."

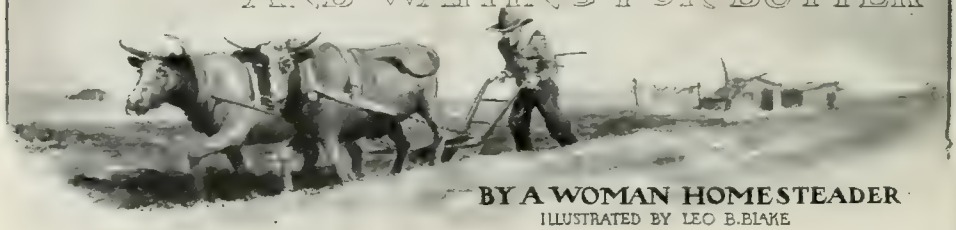
The loneliness and the dusk were making him nervously impatient for her waking.

"Delia! Delia! Delia!" he called, loudly and hoarsely.

His voice came back to him in hollow echoes from the grove beyond the stable. Then, and for the first time, it was as if a great, icy palm had been thrust suddenly against his heart. Shaking from head to foot, he drew a match, struck it, and held it up to her face.

The lashes lay softly upon the wan cheeks; the sweet old point of chin rested upon the small heart-brooch of gold at her neck; the lips were set placidly together. She seemed to sleep—but the old man's rough hand, descending tremulously upon the faded breast of her wrapper, found the kind wife-heart at rest.

WINNING BREAD — AND WAITING FOR BUTTER



BY A WOMAN HOMESTEADER

ILLUSTRATED BY LEO B. BLAKE

They say that the struggle of man is first for bread, then for butter on the bread, then jam on the butter. The butter stage is the pet affair of the "uplift" reformer, the jam phase is the joy of the trust-busting muck-raker, but in the positive degree of bread there lies a tragedy which is none the less poignant for being as common as blackberries. This story is the ordinary story of the struggle for bread by an ordinary, plain, little woman with two ordinary boys, who did what is chronicled herein with no sense of its being uncommonly heroic or worthy of note, but simply the obvious solution of their need. She would be much embarrassed if you called her a heroine, and she would try to change the subject if you ascribed the success of the family to her unflinching courage and unfailing faith. Poverty, hunger, loneliness and self-denial were hers for month after month, but she never swerved from her purpose—and at the last, she won. Ordinary? Yes. But, "Earth's crammed with heaven, and every wayside bush afire with God." There are hundreds like her on the prairie, in those little shacks you see as your limited express sweeps by—quite ordinary, nothing unusual about her at all. No one will ever praise her particularly, or make a fuss over her, or recommend her for the Victoria Cross, or anything like that. Just an ordinary mother, that's all.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

THERE were several reasons why I chose farming, in preference to the more usual occupations for women, when at forty years of age I was left a widow, without any means of support.

The chief reason was that my two sons wished to go on the land. Arthur was then nineteen and Nelson was almost two years younger. I did not know whether this desire was merely a boyish longing for something new, or the real call of the land, for they had been raised in a city, and although they had spent several holidays working on a farm, they did not know much about the life, or the hardships in a new country, especially for those without capital.

It was however necessary for us to do something and do it at once, as our bank account was very low. My sons had been attending the University, and although they had a fair general education, when it came to making a living for themselves, they found that they were greatly handicapped by not having had training for any special branch of work. As I could not then afford to give them the money to get the necessary training for business, I determined to go west with them, and when there, to decide what to do. I had been raised on a farm, and I was not afraid to face the life, although I knew well that it would mean several years of hardship, and possibly many discouragements.

A few days after we had decided in favor of the land, the son of an old friend who had taken up a homestead

I SIGHTED OFF THE END OF ARTHUR'S FINGER UNTIL I SAW A TINY DARK SPECK AGAINST A RANGE OF HILLS. "THAT," HE SAID, "IS YOUR HOME"

called on us. That call determined our location. His homestead was in Northern Saskatchewan, the central prairie province of Western Canada, in the Snipe Lake district, about ninety miles north of the railway. That certainly seemed a long distance from a railroad, but he said a branch line was expected

through soon and great numbers of settlers were going in. We did not know anything about any other district, so we determined to trust his judgment and take up land near his homestead, as he said there were still many farms open for homesteaders.

I immediately sold out all my household effects, except what was absolutely necessary for housekeeping, and inside of two weeks we were on our way to Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan, none of us fully decided what we would do.

We reached Regina on the morning of March twenty-third, 1906. That was a busy day for us. We first made arrangements for storing our furniture, which however did not arrive for six weeks. I had never learned a trade or profession except housekeeping, so there was nothing for me to do but look for a position as a servant. I soon found that I was much in demand in that capacity, and I secured a position as cook in a large boarding house at thirty dollars a month. My younger son secured a position with a farmer at Sintaluta, a small town a short distance from Regina, and Arthur went to the Moose Jaw land office and filed on a homestead near that of the young man who had called on us.

He then went to Swift Current, the nearest point to his land on the railroad. There he bought a yoke of half-broken oxen, harness, a wagon, a second hand plow, some lumber to build a shanty, a stove, and some provisions. This outfit cost him two hundred and fifty dollars. Then in company with a number of other settlers, he set out for his homestead.

In June he returned to Regina with a sorry story. His trip from Swift Current to his homestead had taken twelve days, only to find on locating his land, that one hundred of his one hundred and sixty acres were in a slough. As there was plenty of good land near, he at once decided to abandon his homestead and file on another. This meant delay, for his abandonment papers had to be sent to Ottawa and returned before he could take up more land.

He could not afford to be idle, so he took a temporary position on a farm, while waiting for his abandonment papers. When he received them, he sent for Nelson and me to meet him in Moose Jaw, so that we might all file on land together. We did so and that was a gala day for us. We were treated very kindly at the land office; we secured homesteads together, and although Nelson was not of age to take up land, we had a homestead on the same section as ours reserved for him until his birthday, which was in October. Then he returned and filed on it. That one day we had each other, and were free from carking care, and we enjoyed every second of it. In the evening I returned to my work in Regina, Nelson went back to the farm at Sintaluta, and Arthur returned to Swift Current to begin again his ninety mile trip back to the farm. As I said good-bye to my boy that night, we shook hands and kissed, and did it over again, but could not speak. He was not yet twenty, but was going bravely out to the new life, and unknown dangers.

The next thing to decide was whether I should go out on the land that fall or wait until the following spring. It will be remembered that that year was the year of the depression, and it seemed possible that I might not be able to make quite so well during the winter, so I finally decided to go on the land as soon as possible. I wrote three letters to Arthur, whose address was Swift Current, telling him I would be there on the nineteenth or twentieth of September, and beseeching him not to fail me. He received the letters and answered, that God helping him, he would meet me. How I did besiege the Lord with prayers that summer! It was first one thing and then another, until I was almost ashamed to ask for more, and then so much was given that I asked again and again.

I soon completed all arrangements for again leaving for pastures new, and found that after paying freight on my household effects and paying for my ticket I had one hundred and forty dollars left. I think I know how explorers must feel, and while hope was high, there were times when a great

loneliness came over me, and I shrank from the unknown trials that I knew awaited me; but the hope of again having a home with my boys spurred me on, and I did not show the weakness I felt.

It is scarcely fair to my story not to say that during my stay in Regina I received a proposal of marriage; but I had always determined not to marry unless prompted by genuine affection, and while the man was kind and good, and could have given me a comfortable home, I refused him because the one great necessary bond was lacking. I have since received several proposals of marriage, and one just recently by letter from a man who wanted his answer "just so quick as possible," but I am still unmarried, so it appears that I am destined to remain a widow. As the present law in Saskatchewan does not give a wife any dower rights, it is perhaps better to be wedded to a sure thing like a homestead, than to an erring mortal.

Arthur met me in Swift Current, and after arranging with the man who kept the livery barn to store our household effects until we could return for them, and purchasing some provisions, we started for the homestead. This was my first introduction to our faithful oxen, Duncan and Hughes, and fine sensible fellows they were. I soon learned to love them, for so much depended on them; and every night I prayed for them as I did for the other members of the family.

On the trip out we spent four nights in a tent Arthur had borrowed from a neighbor. On the way we frequently met mounted policemen who saluted us pleasantly, and an occasional homesteader, but only once on that long journey did we meet a woman. This made me feel rather lonely, but I knew there was a widow living on a homestead only a mile and a half from mine. She had spent the last of a small patrimony to pay the passage of herself and stepchildren to western Canada, but her husband died before he reached the homestead, and she and her stepchildren were making just such a fight for a home as my boys and I were beginning.

On the last day of our journey, we came to a rise in the prairie and Arthur told me to look toward a range of hills, and try to see a tiny dark speck toward which he was pointing. I did so, and sighted off the end of his finger, until I saw it. "That," he said, "is your home."

I asked the size of the house. "Ten by twelve," he answered promptly. I had not enquired before, for I well knew that whatever was done would be done as well and as lovingly as possible, so although my heart sank, I said no word that could dampen his pleasure in having at last a home of our own, no matter how small.

Next we came in sight of Mrs. Mason's homestead, the widow I mentioned before. The frame for a small house was up, but she came out of an underground stable, and waved us a welcome, first with one hand and then with the other, for she held a small baby in her arms. She was living in the stable until her house was finished, and it was there she gave me my first friendly cup of tea. I remember that we did not talk much, although each felt that to have the other was a great boon. We were busy with our own thoughts of the past, and perhaps vague fears for the future.

After tea we went on to our shanty which was merely a small frame building without either a cellar or a floor, and as I looked around me that night I could not but wonder whether I would spend the evening of my life there, and what life had yet in store for me.

Next day Arthur went to Snipe Lake for water, a distance of five miles. That was our nearest water supply, and as we had only two barrels, hauling water took up much of our time, especially as oxen were never intended by nature to make a speed record.

Then he went with some neighbors to make hay, as none of them had had the necessary machinery to cut the hay when it should have been cut. After haying he went to Swift Current for the remainder of our furniture, and some more provisions. Next he made a trip to the Three-Bar-Three Ranch, some twenty-five or thirty miles, for wood, and by that time the oxen were so tired that they were trying to lie down

in the trail. But our teaming was not finished, for we needed more provisions, some coal and a set of sleighs. Arthur borrowed a team from a neighbor, for whom he had done some work, and made another trip to Swift Current where he secured all the absolutely necessary winter supplies. He then went for another load of wood, and during his absence, I saw my first prairie fire.

For days the air had been smoky, and at night we could see fires apparently on every side of us. But I noticed that one fire was coming nearer, and suddenly it appeared to get in a hurry and came tearing along at a furious rate. As I had had no experience with that kind of a visitor, I was simply terrified. I knew that I could not fight it as I had but very little water, and it was coming urged by a strong wind, taking a swath so wide that I could not see to the farther side. I took all our valuable papers, my watch and purse and a few other things, and put them in a stone crock. I put a plate over the top and put a stone on it, and all the time I prayed that the fire would pass us by, for that was all I could do.

It came straight for our place until it was within a quarter of a mile, and then the wind veered a little. It was about an hour from the time it came in plain view until it had passed, leaving a wide, black swath of burned prairie behind it, but it did not touch my place. I think now that the wide fireguards Arthur had plowed around the house would have been sufficient to stop it, even had the wind not veered a little, but I was greatly relieved when it was gone.

Arthur now went to work to finish the stable, which was made of poles and sods, and I sodded our shanty to make it warm enough for the winter. I carried sods from the fireguard and piled them around the sides and ends about three feet wide at the bottom, and narrowing slightly toward the roof.

About this time we had a visit from the Homestead Inspector, and I remember with gratitude his thoughtfulness for our comfort. He had been sent to see if the settlers had suitable houses for the winter, and whether they had plenty of provisions and fuel. I am thankful to say we did not require the help he was there to give but it was good to know that there was someone who really cared.

Late in the fall Nelson came out to the homestead, walking most of the ninety miles with a sack of clothes and some provisions on his back. He and Arthur went to work at once to dig a well, as we suffered considerably from lack of water. They bored and bored; fifty, seventy-five, and a hundred feet, and still no water, but they would not give up. On down they went twenty-five feet more, and did not stop until they reached one hundred and thirty-six feet, and still no water, so they were compelled to give up. But after a couple of discouraged days they went to help Mrs. Mason's son dig a well on their farm. They worked there for twenty-one days, when fortunately they struck an abundant supply of good water. This well was only a mile and a half distant so that we were much better off than we had been.

Christmas had come and gone, and as there were only three families in that township that winter, we managed to spend part of Christmas day at each place. Mrs. Mason's children marvelled much that Santa Claus did not come, and finally decided that he must have lost the trail.

In March a man from the township to the south of us came through on horseback to say that a mounted policeman had left his place a few days before to come up through our township. A blizzard came up shortly after he left, and his horse had returned, having evidently been unhitched from the cutter. His dog, too, had been seen. Four young men from our township went out in pairs to look for him. Each pair took a team, food, and stimulants. The first day's search was in vain, but the second day Arthur and one of the Mason boys caught sight of a track leading to a hay stack. They followed it right up to the stack where there was a strange looking heap of snow. Arthur went to examine it. Stooping down he looked under the snow and found himself face to face with the

missing man, his face almost touching the dead face before him. The dead man still held his discharged revolver in his frozen hand. He had shot himself in the mouth.

In the spring Hughey, one of our faithful oxen, for no particular reason so far as we could see, lay down and died. This meant that we must buy another ox, which we did, but it left us very short of funds. Arthur had decided to go out and work for the summer and leave Nelson to do the necessary breaking, which was thirty acres for the three homesteads. We felt we could not let Arthur go without at least ten dollars in his pocket, as he had no idea where he could get work. This left us but fifteen dollars to purchase garden seeds and provisions, to do until he could earn some money and send it to us. It was fully six weeks before we even heard from him, and then I received three letters and anxious letters they were, for he knew our funds were very low. However an old school friend sent me twenty-five dollars, and Arthur soon sent some, so we got along quite well.

Nelson did the necessary breaking, made enough hay to feed the oxen for the winter, and made several trips to Swift Current for supplies, and for lumber for a hay rack and a floor. Unfortunately we had practically no rain that year and consequently we did not have any harvest. We did not dig as many potatoes as we planted and we lost five bushels of oats we bought on credit for seed. It was a great disappointment, but we knew the year was a very exceptional one.

In October, Nelson went to Swift Current for our winter supplies and was caught in the memorable blizzard of the nineteenth, twentieth and twenty-first. I was almost crazed with terror and said in my haste, "I have always been praying to God about everything, and trying to serve Him, and if ever He is going to help us He should do it now and quickly." The words had scarcely crossed my lips until I stood shamed at such thoughts, and I asked forgiveness and strength to bear, as others doubtless were bearing, the terrors of the same storm. All the time my boy was sheltered, and warm, and fed, and even had warm dry clothes given to him. I did not shed a tear while he was away, although I did not expect to see him again, but when I saw him coming across the prairie I wept and laughed and thanked God all at once.

Winter was coming again, but was not so much dreaded, for a post office had been opened within a few miles of us, and I was paying my subscription to our home paper by correspondence. Only isolated homesteaders or travelers have any idea of the celebration we had over that first mail.

Arthur decided to work for the winter, and not come home until spring. He had received thirty dollars a month for seven months, but ten dollars a month was all he could get for the winter although his work was very hard. But he never complained. He spent all his wages to pay for another ox, some machinery, and supplies and seed for the spring.

We had found on Nelson's last trip that fall that it would be impossible to get boots for us both, so I decided to wear a pair of his old fine shoes, which were not quite worn out, and he was to get a new pair for himself. The blizzard, however, put even his boots out of the question, as he had to pay for accommodation for the oxen, which took the money we had planned to spend for his boots. We wrote to Arthur to send, if possible, a little money to Swift Current, in care of some people we knew were going down, so that they might buy the boots. He did so, and they got the boots, but they were not mates, and as Nelson could not wear them both on the same foot, he was no better off than before and the money was gone.

We were fairly well supplied with clothes when we went on the homestead, but now like the prodigal we began to be in want. I made over and patched until we may have resembled Joseph, but we were fairly comfortable.

Arthur arrived home the first part of April, having walked about sixty miles through slush and mud. He had only seventeen dollars of his wages left, and we had only ten dollars on hand, the

amount we had been keeping for Nelson, when he should start out to look for work. It seemed that we were in for another exceedingly hard time, but in the spring settlers began to come in by way of Zealandia, and soon there were several bachelors around for whom I baked bread, getting a dollar and a half for every hundred weight of flour I baked. I had bought some hens and I raised chickens. I made a big garden and I continued to sew for Mrs. Mason as I had done from the time I went on the farm, and thus paid for our milk. All these things helped a little. A number of new families moved in, and that summer we had actually four women in our township.

Nelson secured work at Sintaluta with the farmer for whom he had worked during his first summer in the country, and Arthur changed work with the neighbors and got along very well. He built a new stable and did the necessary breaking. Our crop was good and I had both vegetables and poultry for sale.

A branch of the railroad now comes to within twenty-one miles of our farms and there will likely be another branch from the south. A Presbyterian student came out last summer and held services from house to house on Sunday; and although we are of many minds, we all join and lustily sing the psalms and hymns. A school house is to be built in the adjoining township soon, and it is likely we will be formed into a municipality this winter.

I have worked hard to make my homestead a real home, and I have been told by travellers that mine is a model prairie home. I have a shelter belt of young trees started. I had a good vegetable garden, and my lawn and flower garden last year were my pride. I have already had an offer for my land, but I refused to sell, for I love my home, and the healthy, pure life in the country. My boys are strong, self-reliant and well. They are good men, able through hard experience to fight the world; and even on the low plane of financial standing, they are I am sure much better off than they would have been had we remained in the city. At the present time wild land is selling in this district for from twelve and a half dollars an acre up, so it seems likely that we could sell our three farms for about seven thousand dollars.

We have seen hard times, but I think the worst is over. Some may ask, "Was it worth the struggle?" My boys and I would say emphatically "Yes".

I am glad I left the city. I am glad I took up land. I am glad my boys are farmers. I realize fully that we have paid a high price, by living so far from our fellowmen, and being shut off from sources of culture and learning; but Nature is a kind teacher, and as we have lived so close to her, we have learned much. We do not consider the price too high.

A BATTLE OF BRAINS

BY W. LACEY AMY

ILLUSTRATED BY C. A. MACLELLAN

This is the second of a series of six stories dealing with the business adventures of a feminine commercial traveller on the road for a jewellery house and in direct competition with her husband, the salesman for a rival firm.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

FLANK & MIERS had other selling schemes besides Mary D. Miers, a German Jew, was reported to have left Germany suddenly with money enough to purchase a ticket that carried him as far as New York via Austria, India and San Francisco, and to have an indefinite but substantial competence left after bribing a government official when he started his extended and erratic trip. His connection with Flank started in New York and was accidental only on Flank's part, although feignedly so on Miers'. The little German Jew unfolded plans that stirred the sluggish blood of the steady New York pawnbroker, and one of the plans was the Canadian wholesale house with Flank as financier and Miers as manager and developer. Flank bought Miers' brains for a partnership and the second portion of the firm name.

Mary D. was Miers' idea—and it worked well as did all Miers' ideas. As a direct selling agency the skirted commercial man had eclipsed even Miers' fondest hopes; for the long striding, velvet-waisted, short-haired feature of the new jewelry firm had brought brains as well as novelty into service.

The extravagant jewelry worn by Mary D. was an incident in the development of the original plan and was adopted by Mary D. with only the same purpose as designed by Miers.

Another proof of the value of the second member in the firm had but recently been exhibited. Miers had a neat little black leather case made to order, fitted with trays, brooch pads, ring trays and all the details designed

MARLY RAPIDLY UNLOCKED HER CASE.

for carrying jewelry. Of sufficiently small size to carry in hand, it was carefully stocked with the choicest designs in every line, designed as a concise index of the trunk full of complete samples. When Mary D. stepped from a train she was ready to enter any jewelry store without waiting to unpack her trunk and take her chances with any other jewelry traveller. With a good hour's lead she had the best one or two stores covered before rival travellers, who happened to arrive on the same train, were prepared to invite inspection.

Marly Norton's quarantine experience had given him time for thought and the intense rivalry that had developed between himself and his wife had been examined for the first time with all attendant conditions. That he knew more about jewelry than Mary D. he did not doubt, and the determination had been roused in him to pay more attention to the generalship necessary to make his superior knowledge count. The more he thought of it the more he liked his wife's evident desire to circumvent him. Although suggesting opposition it nevertheless implied a closer connection between the two rivals than existed in ordinary business competition. Not for worlds would he have it otherwise. While Mary D. had outgeneralled him on many occasions he quickly discovered that it was his over-anxiety, his over-serious handling of the situation that gave her the advantage. With this in mind the condition existing assumed much the same aspect in his mind as it did in his wife's. It was a good-natured fight between two well-informed jewelry salesmen, with the advantage in favor of the cooler one. Marly was not naturally cool, but the position which he must hold in his wife's estimation to make her much more eager to outsell him than her other competitors restored a great deal of his confidence and its attendant coolness.

Marly had not been slow to recognize the advantage of Mary D.'s hand sample case. In fact his first experience with it had meant the reduction in his sales in one town of fully a thousand dollars. And this, his first experience with her after the quarantine incident, had further impressed upon him the necessity of studying her methods.

A few weeks afterwards Mary D., boarding the early morning train at a station near London, sat down beside Marly and deposited her sample case on the opposite seat beside its exact duplicate. A faint smile played over Marly's face as he greeted her, and both looked at the two cases.

"Well, that means the evolution of a new idea on Miers' part," laughed Mary D., nodding at the cases. "To-night I wire him—to-morrow morning Miers locks himself in his office—to-morrow night I get his cipher message. And in about a week Marlborough Norton, of the old, crinolined firm of Main & Co., will receive a letter from his old woman boss: 'We note in your orders from B—— that you appear to have been unable to sell Smith, Jones & Co. Let us know what is the trouble and why you have recently lost some of our best accounts!'"

Marly smiled at the recognizable likeness between the quotations and some of his letters from the head of the firm.

"Perhaps, Mary. But the crinolines on Main & Co., are rapidly giving place to the latest styles, and old man Main is suffering under the convulsions of internal seismic up-heavals that are remodelling his thinker. Do you notice that the loss of some of our best accounts is becoming less frequent? A German Jew, even though he appears in public as a clever woman (bowing), is still a German Jew."

"But a German Jew with next year's ideas this year will continue to be just twelve months ahead," argued Mary D.

"But next year's ideas are only ahead this year, and Main & Co. are missing a year to catch up. But to-day Mary, Flank & Miers have it on Main & Co., through the carelessness of the latter's representative." Marly was talking carelessly but thinking rapidly. The presence of his wife was having a stimulating effect upon him, and he was planning payment for the two weeks' loss of time in Torqual.

"I am in the position," he continued,

"of being able to meet you on even terms were it not that I can't open my case."

"That's the worst of trying to work along new lines," mocked his companion. "Lost your key, I suppose."

"No, not so bad as that. But it is in my suit case in the baggage car, and makes the nice black sample case only a bluff."

Mary D. looked at the two sample cases a minute with a smile that gradually disappeared. Then diving her hand into her pencil pocket she extracted a little brass key.

"Guess your case was made by the same people as mine. Perhaps they have the same lock. Here," handing him the key, "try it."

A quick flash of triumph passed over Marly's face unnoticed by Mary D. Then he flushed and hesitated.

"Oh, well," she said, "if you are still above taking assistance I guess we won't quarrel over it."

"All right. Let me try it." Marly hastily rose from his seat, took the key and leaning over the two cases so they were concealed from his wife, he rapidly unlocked her case with his left hand while fumbling with his own with his right.

"No, thank you, it's no go," he said after a minute's trial. And he sat down nervously, and for the rest of the trip to London seemed uncomfortable and afraid to look at Mary D., who laid it to his old time nervousness with her when they met on the road.

At London both were alighting. Marly seized both cases and they walk to the Tecumseh House together. Mary D., thinking she had lots of time, took the case handed to her by Marly and went to her room to freshen herself before starting on her calls. As soon as she disappeared up the stairs with the bell boy in the van, Marly darted out to the street with the case he held and in a few moments was in the store of W. J. Frame, the largest in the city. Mr. Frame had just come down and was talking to a clerk on his way to his office.

"Morning, Marly. Round rather early this season, aren't you?" was the greeting Frame gave. "Got the same old lines this time, or have you decided to go one better than Flank & Miers this year?"

"Well," answered Marly. "I've got a case here that will make Flank & Miers look like a piece of glass alongside the Cullinan."

"Of course," smilingly commented Frame, "Mary D. would say the same if she were here, with the names reversed."

"Mary D. is here," frankly volunteered Marly, "that's why I want to get first chance."

"Well, come into the office," laughed the jeweler, knowing the rivalry between the two travellers.

Marly wasted no time in opening Flank & Miers' case which he had retained, and which fortune had enabled him to unlock. The moment was full of excitement to him, and he was afraid he could not carry it through without exposing himself. Inside, the case was just as new to him, as to the jeweller. Fortunately he had deciphered Mary D's. private marks, not an unusual thing for rival travellers, and he knew that he would be safe in quoting the same prices as Flank & Miers, as his firm could buy even more cheaply than their competitors. The designs he was not disturbed about. One of his most conspicuous talents was his ability at designing, and he trusted to being able to sketch the designs purchased in some free moment before he had to return the case. The end of the adventure, and what Mary D. would do had never entered into his calculations.

Under the excitement of the moment he was forgetting the twinge of conscience which had almost prevented his taking advantage of Mary D.'s generosity in enabling him to open her sample case. Still as he set the case on the table and commenced to undo the snaps, the game he had to play for the next few minutes, and his helplessness if discovered, almost unnerved him.

As he wavered, the office door opened and a clerk entered to ask for the trays of more valuable jewelry which were kept in the vault at the back of the office. Every night and morning these trays were checked over by the proprietor or his head clerk; and so Mr.

Frame stepped into the back room to get the trays ready, at the same time telling the clerk not to wait, and not to allow anyone in the office as he would be busy for some time.

When the door opened to allow the clerk to retire, Marly's pulse gave a sudden jump, for plainly he heard the voice of Mary D. from the front of the store. Then he straightened up and with a long breath waited for what would follow. An observer who knew him would never have recognized the new Marly, the grim look of determination and the bright twinkling eye that bespoke a rapidly moving mind. He realized the delicacy of his position—that he was so placed that he had to wait for Mary D.'s moves and foil them as quickly as they were made, without any preparation or idea of what they would be.

A minute later a knock was heard at the office door.

"Come," shouted Mr. Frame from the vault, and Marly took another brace. "A note for you, sir," said a clerk entering.

"Leave it on the desk there. I'll be through with these trays in a few minutes. I'll ring for you when I want you." And the clerk placed the note on the desk and withdrew.

Marly glanced into the vault room and saw the proprietor checking off a tray, entirely absorbed in his work. Quietly moving to the desk, he opened the note which he knew to be from Mary D., and read:

DEAR MR. FRAME:—

It is most important that I see you before you buy from the traveller now with you. He has my sample case and is showing you the samples of Flank & Miers as his own because ours are more up to date. Please give me a chance to prove this.

MARY D. NORTON,
with Flank & Miers.

Marly thrust the note into his pocket, and hastily drawing his note pad wrote on it in as feminine a hand as he could assume:

DEAR MR. FRAME:—

I would like to show you the samples of Flank & Miers before you see those of Main & Co. I am sure you will think mine much superior. Please give me a chance to prove this.

MARY D. NORTON,
with Flank & Miers.

Then he sat down quaking. It did not seem to him possible that his hastily devised scheme would work. His writing in no way resembled that of a woman, he felt. And anyway, it was but a temporary postponement of certain discovery. The risk he was running was just beginning to be impressed upon him. He was almost in the act of slipping out of the door and throwing himself upon Mary D.'s mercy, when the proprietor entered the room with the trays.

Picking up the note he read it, smiled, looked at the almost panic-stricken Marly and handed him the note without a word. Marly thought it was all over but hid his face over the note. Mr. Frame broke the silence and Marly's panic in a moment by saying, "Well, isn't that like Mary, text and sermon?" Marly was delighted to admit it was.

"Guess I'll have to answer anyway," and Marly read over his shoulder:

MARY D. NORTON—

There is no need of proving what you say. But in the meantime I have an engagement with the representative of Main & Co., and will have to see you later.

W. J. FRAME.

A button was pressed and a clerk took away trays and note.

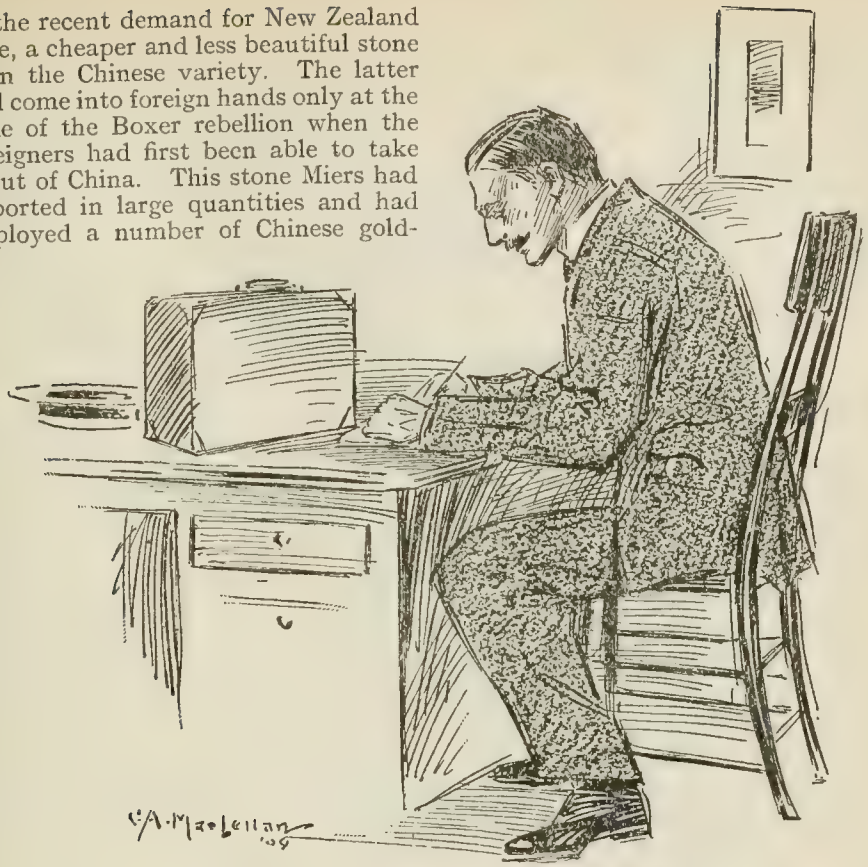
Then Marly opened the case, a hasty glance at the top trays of which had been obtained during the checking up of the store trays.

The first tray contained amethyst and turquoise brooches, and the work of selection was simple. The second was pearl brooches and pins, and again there was no difficulty. In the third tray were stone rings and here only Marly's knowledge of gems and their values saved him. Mary D. had made the tray up hastily and had only had time to number the tags, trusting to a note book for prices. With a note book in his hand as if finding prices, Marly hastily computed weights and values, jotted them down with the numbers, and pulled through.

The fourth and fifth trays of bracelets and lockets were passed through without danger. And then the sixth tray was lifted.

Miers had seen possibilities in the handling of Chinese jade on account

of the recent demand for New Zealand jade, a cheaper and less beautiful stone than the Chinese variety. The latter had come into foreign hands only at the time of the Boxer rebellion when the foreigners had first been able to take it out of China. This stone Miers had imported in large quantities and had employed a number of Chinese gold-



HE WROTE IN AS FEMININE A HAND AS HE COULD ASSUME

smiths to produce the curious, intricate weird designs that are characteristic of their work. In this stone and these designs Flank & Miers had as yet a monopoly. The designs had just been sent out and were the special feature of that year's sales for the manufacturers.

"Ah, that's lovely," burst from the jeweller, when the tray was uncovered. And he picked up piece after piece in admiration.

Marly knew the stone, but he had little idea of the values and it was fortunate that each piece was marked, and that the prices were high enough to preclude any large purchasing. To Marly the difficulty was most embarrassing as he knew his firm could not fill the order. Then he bethought himself of a jeweler friend who could order the goods for him from Flank & Miers, depriving him of all profit on the jade, but leaving him the balance of the order to fill from the factory of Main & Co.

With the orders in his pocket, Marly had to plan where and how he could sketch his designs. Laughingly remarking that he would slide out the back door and complete his rounds without fear of further interruption from Mary D., he was let out without going through the store, and keeping to the back streets he got to his room by the back stairs without meeting his wife.

In a half hour he had his designs, weights and sizes entered, and was worrying his brains for some method of replacing the case and securing his own, when a chamber-maid knocked at his bedroom door to leave clean towels.

"What room is occupied by that woman-traveller?" he asked.

"No. 36, sir, just around the corner of the hall," the maid answered.

"Is she in now, do you know?" he asked.

"She wasn't ten minutes ago," responded the girl.

"Well, I have a case here, I want to leave in her room. It belongs to her, and I want her to get it before I go out. Could you let me put it in her room?"

"I guess so, sir. It's this way," and the girl led down the hall.

Unlocking the door she stood aside, and Marly entered with the case. Would his case be there? He was inclined to think it would, as there would be no object in her carrying around a locked case that belonged to him.

He looked around the room hastily, and saw no case. Then at the foot of the bed, out of sight of the door, he found it. Dropping hers and taking up his own he walked to the door.

"No, I guess, perhaps, I'd better not. This case contains valuable jewelry and I guess perhaps I'd better not risk it, until I can give it into her hands. I'll see her when she comes in." And he slipped a quarter into the unsuspicious maid's hands.

In the meantime Mary D. had been walking up and down in front of the jewelry store of W. J. Frame & Co. That Marly was on a fair way to get ahead of her made her furious, and especially when it seemed such unfair competition to her. That Frame had almost laughed at her exposure of Marly added to her wrath. And yet through it all she found herself smiling at Marly's reversal of the usual outcome of their frequent battles of wit. Her respect for Marly increased, and this, for some reason, made her the more uncomfortable. Almost for the first time since their business rivalry she felt her relationship to Marly, and when she noticed that this feeling drove out her business instincts and her intense resentment at her defeat she forced herself more sternly to a determination to beat Marly at his own game. That she would succeed in this she never for a moment doubted. But as time wore on and Marly did not appear, her confidence became shaken. Surely no jeweler would purchase from Marly after her exposure! And yet if Mr. Frame was not buying why was Marly staying so long? Could it be that Mr. Frame was willing to help Marly out in his trick, simply to assist a joke, or to help Marly get even with her? This seemed the most plausible explanation, and it carried no comfort with it. Were this the case she was helpless, and would be forced to endure Marly's quiet smile of triumph until another opportunity of overcoming him was offered.

She had glanced into the store several times when passing, and now noticed the office door open and Mr. Frame stepping into the store. Turning to enter, the proprietor turned at the same time and re-entered his office. It was borne in on her that she had been seen, and that it was the sight of her that had induced him to return to his office. The thought was not comforting, and she took a long walk up the street to regain her courage. Upon her return Mr. Frame was attending to a customer, and she waited his convenience. In a few minutes he was free.

"You read my note, Mr. Frame?" she asked, and wondered at the unwonted lack of confidence she felt.

"Yes, Mary D.," he answered, smiling, she thought, indulgently.

"Surely you did not do business with Main & Co.'s representative after that?"

"I'm afraid I have to confess I did," still smiling.

"Well—but—Mr. Frame! He can't give you what you want, then; and he had no other samples with him I know," said Mary D., gaining confidence as her indignation grew stronger.

"He didn't need any, Mary D." answered the jeweler, looking around as if desirous of wasting no more time from his work.

"But Mr. Frame, those samples show you what Flank & Miers can give you. We have always had better, more up-to-date designs than Main & Co., and I think you have appreciated that fact in your former purchases."

"If Main & Co. can give me what I want I can't see why I should go elsewhere, providing prices are all right as

MARY SEIZED TRAY AFTER TRAY.

well. I haven't time to examine all the lines, and I have always found Main & Co. a good firm to deal with. It is unfortunate for you, perhaps," and the jeweler regained his smiling indulgence. "But I'm afraid just at this time that I can be of no service to you. Call around next time you are in town."

Mary D.'s dismissal was unmistakable, and she left the store with her thoughts in a whirl, and a manly desire to cuff Marly's and Mr. Frame's ears. She still looked forward to having it out with Marly, and determined to relieve her indignation on him without restraint.

When she reached the hotel Marly was sitting in the writing room alone. She walked straight up to him, and with anger flaming from her eyes, faced him.

"Mr. Norton, where's the sample case you stole? Yes, stole," she repeated, as she saw him wince.

"I'm afraid, Mary D., that I don't understand you," Marly answered coolly, rising from his chair instinctively as she stood beside him.

"Where's my sample case?" she flamed. "You deserve to be arrested for a common thief."

"You're too angry, Mary, to be responsible for all you are saying, I think," he replied, calmly and indulgently, and Mary D. became more angry if possible. Why were those two men treating her like a child? And Marly, her late husband (as she considered him), above all men?"

"Your sample case," he continued, "I suppose would be in your room under lock and key, seeing it is not in your hand. I couldn't imagine your risking it elsewhere."

"In my room!" and she whirled towards the door. "Come upstairs and I'll show you what is in my room. Then if you'll be as open with me, you can show me what I suppose is in your room."

Marly followed her without hesitation. Mary D. hastened up the stairs losing anger at every step as her skirts seemed to impede her angry haste, and Marly's quiet steps could be heard close behind her. Down the hall to No. 36 she stamped, endeavoring to maintain her anger in an undignified situation. Again her confidence was leaving her. Marly proposed that he get his case first, and rather than argue in her present mood the procession was reformed, Marly taking the lead. In assumed indignation, and obviously imitating her angry stamp, he tramped down the hall and around the corner.

In a second he was out in the hall again with the case, and the third formation of the procession was almost too much for the calmness of both. Marly's stifled snuffle behind her proclaimed his efforts to restrain a laugh. She would gladly have dropped the whole affair now.

But it had to be carried through. At her door the key dropped in her nervousness. She swooped fiercely upon it, only to bump into Marly's head as he picked it up and handed it to her with a twinkle in his eyes. Her anger had entirely vanished now, and she had to turn her back on him as she inserted the key.

Tramping to where her case was, she lifted it upon the bed and waited for his to be placed beside it. Then seizing his she jerked at the catch without result.

"Excuse me," he said, smoothly, and inserting his key the case opened. The top tray was unfamiliar to her. Turning to the other case, she opened it, and seized tray after tray until satisfied her own case was in her hands.

Marly was quietly chuckling with his back turned to her, his eyes fixed on a brass knob on the head of the bed as if it were the most interesting spot in the room.

"I guess, Marly," she laughed, "we'd better talk this over in the writing room. There's the maid wondering what you're doing in my room. I think, perhaps, I could find a place for you with Flank & Miers."

"Thank you, no, Mary D.," he answered with mock seriousness. I find Main & Co. a mighty good firm to sell for—their designs are so up-to-date, you know. 'Please give me a chance to prove this'."

YOUNG LOVE, AND OLD

BY WALLACE RICE

HOW dear a love I loved when I was young!
How dear, how sweet, how doubly sweet and dear!
How hath its dearness honeyed all I've sung,
How hath its note left mine still true and clear!
So dear was she, she was love's very soul;
So sweet was she, she is pure womanhood;
To win and keep her heart my only goal,
Still to be worthy her my highest good.
And hath she gone—gone with my vanished youth?
Nay, honoreth she yet each silvering year;
For, should the memory pass, forsworn is truth
And quite foregone the world's best hope and cheer:
How dear was love in youth, my lips repeat;
How sweeter love in age, how dearly sweet!

The King's Wish

By · C · G · Marquis

Illustrated by F·D·Schwalm

José, a Spanish gipsy lad, is sold to Mother Fedora as a sheep-herder. He hears that the King has promised a great reward to any one who will bring him a new pleasure, and while he is dreaming about securing it, he falls asleep and loses the flock. Not daring to return home, he wanders through the woods, and meets an old man who has kept the Harp of the Sun in a secluded cave for a thousand years, and has drawn José to his retreat in order to give him custody of the Harp, on condition that he shall have no earthly love, or any thought but for the Harp while he lives. José, enthralled by the music, consents, and the old man tells him that he is destined to bring the new pleasure to the King. He goes away carrying the magic Harp, and meets a wolf crouched in the forest path, ready to spring. The magic Harp saves José from harm, makes Mother Fedora young again, and guides José to the capital. It wins Lara, a brawny guardsman, to swear himself to José's service, and makes the entire population of the city fall at José's feet as he stands on the sacred King's stone, and plays. José goes to the Governor's house, under his protection, and his music arouses the envy of the Governor's eldest son, who determins to steal the Harp while José sleeps and play it before the King.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

NOW, having heard this music, he felt that it would be useless to try again, that at length a new thing had come that would satisfy the king's heart and make the giver the greatest man in the kingdom.

As he had sat at the table listening to José's tale of his life, and how he got the harp, his heart grew heavy and his mind burned with evil desires. What was to hinder him from possessing this harp, and before morning broke fleeing with it to the king! What good, reasoned he with himself, will the harp do this lad? Has he not broken the most sacred law of the land? Even if the king does acknowledge him the greatest musician of the world will he not be forced to have him executed or forever stand before mankind as a monarch unable to keep his own laws? He himself would yet play this harp and the king would fall at his feet as all the world had done at José's. Oh! he thought, what sweet revenge it would be to see him lying in the dust after the way he has spurned my music, laughed to scorn my dances and games, and derided my verses. Yes, this harp will be mine, and before dawn I will stand with it at the king's palace.

After all the household had gone to bed and the guards were posted at the various entrances of the palace he walked up and down his richly ornamented room harboring these evil thoughts. He had given way to ambition, and now that ambition was about to lead him into crime, and yet he could not turn back. He had been carefully trained, had been taught to be honorable in all things, and when his parents saw how earnest he was in his desire to give the king some new pleasure they warned him to be careful in his attempts, to keep his honor unsullied. While the field was open for him with other competitors, he smiled at the thought of doing anything unworthy of the noble name he bore; but now that José had come with his magic music his hope had been dethroned, but his ambition still goaded him on to an-

other effort. He had done all he could by fair means, and he would win now even if he had to resort to foul ones. Trembling and pale, his head burning and his heart beating furiously with passion, he paced his room brooding over his evil resolves; and when the moon, shining in at his window, told him that the midnight hour had arrived, he cried, "I will do it." Stealthily opening his door he stepped on tiptoe into the dark shadows of the statues that lined the corridor. Slowly and cautiously he advanced towards the room where José slept; but suddenly he paused, for he saw before the door, with its back towards him, a rigid statue taller than the tallest about him. It moved, and he knew that it was no statue but Lara, the trustiest guard in his father's service.

"So!" he said to himself, "they are treating this beggar like a prince, giving him a guard, forsooth; a guard to keep my father's servants from stealing his rags. It's well for me that Lara had his back turned; the sound of his voice challenging me would have roused the whole house. I must get out of this without being seen."

This was not such an easy task, and a full hour elapsed before he had an opportunity of stealing back to his own room. When once within it he gave way to his rage.

"That little beggar to get the better of me in this way!" (He was blaming José for his own failure). As he spoke he walked hurriedly to and fro with blazing eyes and clinched hands.

"Ah!" he cried at length, "there is still a way. He is in the prince's room. A concealed door opens into it; I will get his harp, lower it to the garden, then away I will speed to the king."

As quick as thought he was out in the corridor again. This time he walked with no stealthy step. It was his custom to go into the garden on a summer's night, and dream and sing in the moonlight; the guards at the door knew his habit, and as he passed out with his mantle carefully muffled about him, they smiled at the young dreamer, and nodded jokingly to each other, thinking what a fool he was to prowl about like the cats in the damp night air when he might be resting quietly in his bed, enjoying, to their minds, the next best thing to a good meal, sound sleep.

He was soon in the garden passing among orange trees, fig trees, almonds, pomegranates; passing by walls clothed with a rich profusion of grapes which would have tempted another lad; but to him they were nothing. Although at other times the richness of the coloring, the sweet odors of the fruit, pleased his senses, now he heeded them not, as his mind and heart were bent on only one thing. For acres the garden spread about him, and beyond the walls rose the city, now still as death. No sound came from it, and he knew that the beggars who prowled about while an eye was open to see them or an ear awake to hear their appeals had all crept under the wall or into the arches of the bridges and were sleeping till morning. Nothing was to be feared so he boldly prepared to carry out his plans.

To reach the street door it was necessary to do some difficult climbing. There was no regular ladder, and the iron spikes protruding from the wall were rough and jagged, meet only for the rude hands of the soldiers. For many years they had not been used and were now thickly coated with rust. But he was making the effort of his life, and he heeded not the difficulties. Firmly he gripped the first rough bar in his soft young hand, and pulled himself up to the second. Soon his hands were scratched and bleeding, but he did not desist. Up he went resolutely, and as he advanced from bar to bar his arms began to weaken and grow numb and his heart to falter. Only once he looked down, and then the trees and shrubs in the garden swam round in such confusion that he dared not repeat the glance. His hands almost lost their power to sustain his weight, and he began to think that he would have to let go and tumble into the trees that grew close against the wall, when the last spike was reached and he saw before his eyes the spring that at a touch would open a way into the treasure he had with such determination struggled to win. With haste he

"YOU DIE!" CRIED LARA, WHIRLING HIS BLADE ALOFT.

pressed it; but it was stiff from lack of use and would not answer his touch. Angrily he smote it with his bleeding hand, and the blow, shaking away the dust of time from the spring, caused the wall to open as noiselessly as if a moonbeam were forcing its way through the night. The sight of the opening gave him new courage and new strength, and he drew himself up till his hands gripped the inside of the thick wall, and he had to make but one more effort to pull himself out of danger. But here he rested awe-struck and wavering.

The moon was directly in front of the opening and as its light streamed into the room it fell across José sleeping sweetly on his silken couch, his pale young face and his dark hair illuminated by the silver light. A smile of contentment, of happiness played about his young mouth. But this was no time to pause. There, beyond him in the corner of the room stood the magic harp. This was no time for poetizing on the sleep of childhood, a sterner task was before the governor's son, and boldly he drew himself up till he rested safely on the ledge, and then with catlike tread entered the room. As he

passed José's couch the lad heaved a heavy sigh, and disengaging one little arm from the bedclothes threw it heavily on the rustling coverlid. Trembling lest he had awakened him, the governor's son stood still scarcely daring to breathe. This was not his only cause for fear. Lara, too, heard the sigh, and as he bent to listen his sword clanked at his side and his helmet chain smote against his steel-clad shoulders. But the next moment the governor's son heard the gruff words, "The lad but dreams!" and felt that Lara had resumed that rigid port that made him the envy of all soldiers.

There was no time to waste. Silently, stealthily, fearfully, he crept towards the harp that stood, as it were, challenging him to touch it. It was with difficulty that he could reach out his hand to grasp the ominous mantle that hid it from his gaze. But at length he steeled his will, and with trembling hand hastily clutched at the treasure to gain which he had lost honor, love, truth, everything worth having. With an indescribable cry of pain he fell on the floor, writhing as though tortured by a thousand fiends.

In an instant the door was burst open and Lara strode into the room with drawn sword, ready to cut down the evil one himself if he were present. His eyes first fell upon José sitting up in bed rubbing the sleep from his young eyes, and then he saw the writhing moaning figure on the floor and the open wall by which the thief had entered.

"You die!" he cried, and whirling his blade aloft leaped upon the prostrate lad.

But José was before him with a cry of "No, No! Spare him!" and he stood over the governor's son right under the blade of the fierce soldier.

"It was the harp, it can protect itself; see! it is the governor's son."

Just then hurried feet were heard rushing along the corridor, and the next moment the governor and his immediate body guard stood in the room.

"What have we here!" he cried; and as he saw Lara standing with raised sword: "Hold, villain!" and leaping on him seized him by the throat.

But Lara heeded not his grip; the governor was a powerful man but his trusty guard stood firm and unbending as an oak. He spoke only three words: "Behold your son!"

At the words the governor's hand dropped like lead to his side, and looking at the prostrate figure saw that it was indeed his boy, his idol, lying on the floor pale as death with an agonized expression on his face.

"What does this mean?"

"I know not," said Lara. "Behold the open wall, there stands the harp."

"Ah! you think he has attempted theft."

"I know not," answered the taciturn soldier.

"It is true. It is true!" groaned the penitent lad.

"Death to the thief, decrees our laws, public death. We will save you that disgrace; Lara, do your duty, strike him down."

But Lara as though fearing lest he would obey, hurriedly sheathed his sword and folding his arms exclaimed; "I have sworn allegiance to the harp, and when its master bids me refrain from bloodshed I cannot do otherwise."

"What, would you disobey me?" cried the angry father.

"I cannot do otherwise; he bade me spare your son."

"Then I will do it myself," and with hurried action he drew a dagger from his girdle and kneeling was about to plunge it into his son's breast, but José threw himself across the prostrate lad.

"Spare him, or slay me first!" he cried.

Struck with the lad's dauntless courage and noble self-sacrifice the father dashed his dagger to the floor.

"He is spared, but he is yours. I give him to you and let him serve you faithfully or he shall die by my own hand."

To his servants he cried, "Bear him hence, and if you say aught of what has happened here to-night you shall die."

The servants with trembling wonder bent over the lad to raise him from the

floor, but the one who took hold of his left arm leaped back with a cry of horror. The boy had fainted and his limbs were limp and lifeless, but this arm had lost its roundness, its youth, and was shrivelled and withered like a piece of parchment. It was the arm with which he had attempted to seize the harp.

"He has been judged," cried the father. "Take him hence and when the world asks, in what gallant encounter didst thou lose thy fair young arm, lower thine eyes and blush from burning shame."

But José interrupted: "Do not take him from me; you have given him to me, let him stay here till morning!"

José remembered how, when he had played at Fedora's wish her youth had been renewed, and the thought flashed upon him that the harp which had shrivelled up the strong arm might be able to restore it to all its strength. At any rate he would try its magic influence.

The governor could do naught but comply, and after his son was borne to a silken couch and the wall closed by the spring of which he and his boy alone held the secret, all withdrew, leaving Lara standing at the door with the rigid dignity of a marble statue.

José lay down once more, and did not open his eyes till the grey morning light began to steal into the room through the little round flower-like windows that studded the wall. He was soon out of bed and into his rags.

His first thought was of the lad who still lay there with that deathlike pallor on his face, and a frightened look in his black eyes.

Soon José knew by the way the beams of light swept across the room that the sun was above the horizon. Quickly he uncovered his instrument, and taking it from its resting place began to run his fingers across its strings in a song of refreshing, of healing. Softly the glow of health came back to the eyes of the suffering lad, surely the pallor left his face, and ere the end of the song was reached he stood before José in his full vigor; and as the last note died away he fell on his knees and kissed the bare feet of the harper.

The whole castle was now astir. Angel voices seemed to have visited every sleeping ear, and as the soothing strains stole from room to room all hastened to hear its full rich sweetness. Soon the corridors were crowded; servants, attendants, guards, the noble children, and their noble parents forgetting rank, everything, held spellbound by the music.

Among them José passed playing, followed by the lad he had restored to health; and so wonderful were his strains that ere the morning meal was ready those who had seen the tragedy of the night remembered it but as a dream. The stern father's heart, too, was softened, and forgiveness was in his look.

CHAPTER IX.

Scarcely had they finished their morning meal when a startling knock resounded through the palace. Three times the rapid clang rang out, and thrice were the three knocks repeated.

"The King's messenger!" was all the Governor said, but the shadow that passed across his face as he rose to meet the man admitted by his guards told that he feared for the future. He lost none of his dignity, however; and the messenger kneeling before him handed him a document sealed with a golden seal.

"Hast ridden hard?" he said, as he bade the young man rise. "Thou art hot and dusty."

"The King commanded speed, most noble Lord, though I fain would have been slow-footed on this errand.

"Dost know the reason of thy visit?"

"Yea! Most Noble Lord; thine enemies are with the King and have noised abroad the strange happenings of yesterday, so that the humblest servant at court knows as much about them as the King."

"Whether it be well or ill I know not," mused the Governor, "but the King's commands must be obeyed."

As he spoke he unrolled the sealed scroll and read as follows:

"Most trusted Lord: Last night as

THE CAVALCADE SLOWLY WENDED ITS WAY TOWARDS THE FORTRESS OF THE KING

darkness was approaching, a clamor was heard without our gates, and when they were thrown open several of the most respected citizens of your city stood before us with angry denunciations of an alleged sacrilege that occurred at sunset in your city, which things we can scarcely credit; and at an alleged breach of duty on your part in condoning the sacrilege,—which we cannot believe. It appears from their reports, and in all there is remarkable accuracy in the details, that a ragged gipsy lad had stood on the sacred stone, where never stood foot save the foot of prince or king, and that you instead of striking him down cast your sword of office at his feet; and that many other citizens, my subjects—indeed, according to the report, all save a few faithful ones that came with the tidings to me—acted in like manner. To thee they impute ambition (I am open with thee), and declare that thou art working by means of subtle magic to win the city from me, and in the end my kingdom. If this be true thou wilt probably try to escape (and I believe it not), but my arm will compass land and sea to strike down the traitor who has been trusted as never before was man trusted. Whether it be true or not I bid thee come at once, and bring with thee the lad who has thus set the world by the ears. I have seized thy traducers and their fate is in thy hands.

CARLOS."

As the Governor read he turned on the messenger a saddened face and said, "Save for the words about my ambition this is too true."

"Thou art undone!" groaned the messenger.

"Nay, Nay! Thou knowest not! My heart tells me all will yet be well. But let us to horse and away. Be it life or death the King's command brooks no tardy response. Be of good faith," he said to his trembling wife and little ones. "The instrument that opened the heart of the greedy populace yesterday; that restored life to the withered arm of my erring lad, will surely soften the heart of our good king. But it is beyond my wisdom to see how he can at once keep his laws and spare our lives. But be of good faith! Naught of evil will come to us! I know not how we shall escape, but escape the wrath or even the displeasure of the great King, we shall."

"Where abides the King?" he said. turning to the messenger.

"At the hill fortress!"

"Come, José," he said, "we must to our fate."

But José had no fear; his heart burned within him to see the King, of whom even in the seclusion of the hills marvellous tales had reached his ears; but he was nevertheless glad when in the cavalcade that assembled at the door he saw the towering form of his burly friend Lara.

Now José had never mounted a horse before, not even a mule, and when he saw that he must ride he began to fear for his harp lest he should fall and

crush it. At first it is difficult to have faith in untried circumstances, and only after a thing has proved itself many times do we rely on it in all cases. Especially did he tremble when he saw the well groomed, beautifully-caparisoned, shining steeds curvetting, and prancing, and pawing while they impatiently waited for their riders to mount. Lara, the faithful, saw his fright, and lightly lifting him, harp and all to the pommel of his saddle, for José would not let his instrument out of his hands, sprang up behind him. When all were mounted the cavalcade slowly wended its way towards the fortress of the King.

AS THE GOVERNOR READ, HE TURNED ON THE MESSENGER A SADDENED FACE

There was a strange silence among the travellers. The uncertainty of the future seemed to weigh upon them all, and no man spoke. Even the horses seemed to have caught something of their riders' gloom, and they moved forward as though reluctant to bear their burdens to their destination. At last the high hill on which the fortress stood loomed up before them. How different it was to José's young eyes from the beautiful, sunny castle he had just left. There it stood like a pile of huge rocks, and behind it the dark forest cast long shadows. The sun had been shining brightly while they journeyed on the way, but now a dark cloud overhung forest and fortress, a black cloud that seemed to threaten destruction to the approaching horsemen.

A strange castle it was, perched on that rugged hilltop with but one narrow pathway, with barely room for a single chariot leading to its hidden entrance between hills that rose in sharp pinnacles on all sides. Here no army could advance, and only treachery could have won a way into this, the strongest fortress in the land. But if nature had done much to make it impregnable art had done more. The walls, which in the distance had seemed small against the rugged hills, now in their massive grandeur looked like hills upon hills.

Towers strong and thick bristled with engines of war, and all along the embattled parapets stood steel-clad

soldiers with mighty cross-bows, ready at the nod of their commanders to check with steady aim the approaching company.

Soon the riders reached the broad moat and paused at the brink till the ponderous draw-bridge, with clanking chains and creaking iron hinges, was lowered to let them pass. Once within the heavy gates, thick as walls and made impenetrable with their oak beams and steel facings, they dismounted, and about them closed the company of soldiers with battle-axes raised to their shoulders gleaming with cruel glint.

Yesterday these men would have bowed low before the great Governor, but on this day he came before them as one accused of treason; and though they could not credit the rumor that had found their way from the King's chamber to the guardroom, still they dare not show even respect to one deemed a traitor, and in stolid silence they marched beside him and his friends till they were halted in the presence chamber of the King.

To be continued.

THE PROVINCIAL MOUNTED POLICEMAN

BY CECIL E. SELWYN

HE'S an easy-going fellow,
With slouch hat and briar pipe,
Brass buttons on his coat, sir,
On his pants a yellow stripe!
We're an orderly community
And he hasn't much to do,
Yet still he may get busy
If your honesty's askew!
Should your horses turn up "missing,"
Why you'd better let him know,
For he'll find them when they're stolen
Ere many miles they go.
He rides a frisky pony,
Which at least he's got to groom!
I'd like to see him working—
But in thieves—there seems no "boom".

IN THE BAREFOOT PRINTS OF SIR WILFRID

BY M. O. HAMMOND

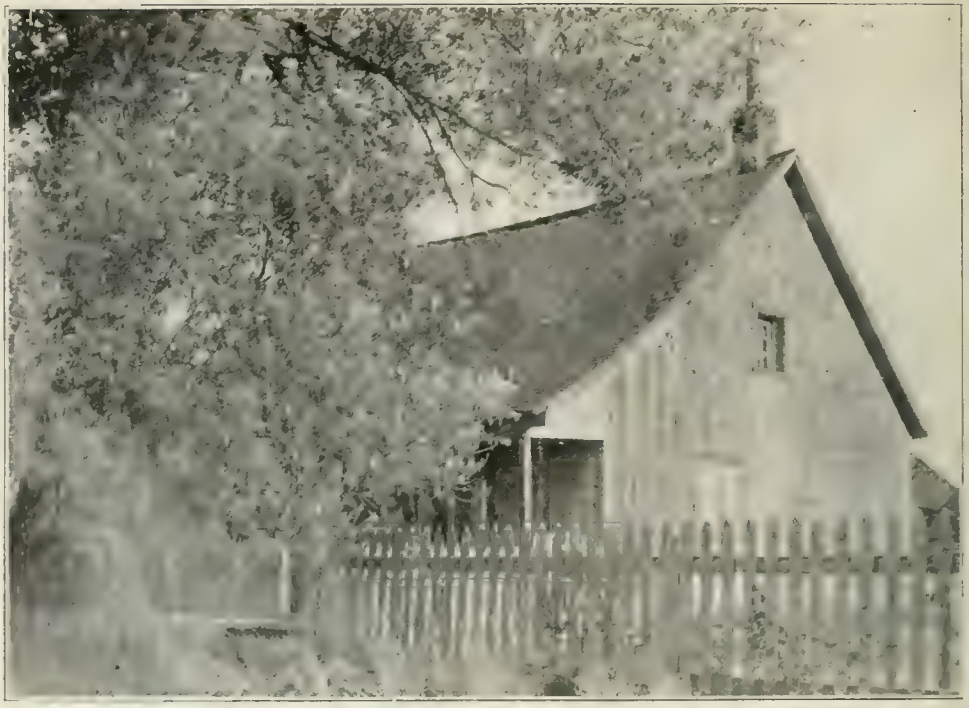
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

CANADA talks much of new railways, of increases in wheat acreage, and of immigration by the hundred thousand. There are some counties which even in these progressive days are affected by none of those things. Some of them are in Quebec, and one is L'Assomption. Even if the County of L'Assomption had nothing but this year's hay and tobacco crops to think of, the inhabitants would—peace to them—still be happy, so well have they learned their philosophy of life. But they have in addition the distinction of being the scene of the birth and youth of the Canadian Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Back in the second quarter of last century, L'Assomption County was pretty much on the fringe of settlement as it extended north of the St. Lawrence. So much of the early work of settlement was still going on that Carolus Laurier lived here and practiced as a land surveyor and his services were sought far and near. Carolus Laurier lived with his wife at St. Lin, and there Wilfrid Laurier was born in the same year as the late King Edward, 1841. The elder Laurier is still remembered by the people of the district as a fine old man. He was fond of company, convivial, indifferent to money and never had anything ahead. In fact, he took a good deal of pleasure out of life. His father before him was a farmer, but also a mathematician. Carolus Laurier's wife was a refined woman, fond of conversation, and with her husband stood exceedingly well in the village community. She died, however, in 1848, leaving her son little more than six years old.

St. Lin is an unaggressive sleepy village that, but for the accident of Laurier's birth, would scarcely have been heard of outside the County of

AN INTERESTING SNAP-SHOT OF SIR WILFRID



THE HOUSE ONCE OCCUPIED BY NANCY KIRK IS AGED AND WEATHER-STAINED, BUT IN THE EARLY FIFTIES OF LAST CENTURY IT WAS THE BOARDING-HOUSE OF WILFRID LAURIER

L'Assomption. Yet it lies within forty miles of Montreal, and in summer has a daily train service. It is the terminal of one of the Canadian Pacific tap roots reaching out towards the Laurentians, and when the conductor puts on his Christy hat and steps from his train at night, he goes up town for a gossip in the village stores. St. Lin itself has a population of about two thousand, and when you traverse its long street and gaze into its medley of store windows, you will feel the contrast between the rude boots of the river driver and the flimsy chapeau for the town girl built on the lines just laid down in Paris. The men of L'Assomption may go around in the drab negations of worn-out and weather-stained clothing, but the women are as attractively dressed as in any of the large Canadian cities.

Of course there are a few Tories in St. Lin, for the great Light has seen little of it for fifty years, though his father remained here until his death in 1886. There are a few Tories, but everywhere there is pride in Laurier. One is not long in St. Lin before he hears of Jules Ethier, for Jules enjoys the distinction of being the sole resident who played and went to school with Wilfrid Laurier. Jules Ethier is an active old man, a few months older than his distinguished friend. He dresses with a sort of subdued loudness, walks with a limp and a cane, and lives a happy life between his own home, the postoffice and the top of the nail keg in Monahan's general store.

"He was a smart man, Wilfrid Laurier. He learn very queeck," says Jules Ethier. "We knew he would be big man when he grew up.

"Laurier was a quiet, respectable, good boy, well liked," he added, half musingly.

Amid his other duties in life Jules Ethier—less fortunately endowed by nature and with fewer opportunities—has not attained a command of English to boast of, but he admires that quality in Wilfrid Laurier.

"He learn English very fast. He went to school one year at New Glasgow and learned it very well. I was learning English at the same time, but when

HERE YOUNG WILFRID MEASURED SUGAR AND CALICO FOR THE SAKE OF LEARNING ENGLISH AT FIRST-HAND.

he came back I wanted to write a letter in English and had to get him to do it for me."

"English is the thing to know nowadays," spoke up Morin, the keeper of the village hotel, who had joined the group. "I go to send my son to Belleville, Ontario, College next week. He has got to learn English no matter how much it cost."

Thus a lesson in toleration, enforced if you will, but nevertheless toleration and respect for the other race. The stranger in St. Lin who does not speak French has some difficulty in getting around, so rare is the native who understands English even now. There is but one store in town kept by a man other than French, and between it and the universal bartender, who in a Quebec village is, as far as language goes, a travelled and cultivated gentleman, the stranger will get along somehow. But even St. Lin will break away from its isolation some day.

Wilfrid Laurier went to parish school in four different buildings in St. Lin, two of which still stand. One is opposite the site of the Premier's birthplace, the house in which he was born having been removed some forty years ago. It is a well preserved brick building, now used as a store and residence by a saddler. The other is across the river. It is of wood and in good condition and is still used as a dwelling. The parish church is of recent date, with a large and commanding spire such as graces all the larger villages of Quebec. The cemetery alongside contains the Laurier plot, and there are buried Sir Wilfrid's father and mother.

Laurier was a pale thin boy, always neatly dressed, and as he passed along the street to school, he was admired by the French housewives, who used to say:

"Tiens! Voilà le petit monsieur qui passe." ("There goes the little gentleman.")

John Monahan is a ponderous Irishman, with business abilities in proportion, who owns the largest store in St. Lin. He has been there many years and is a personal friend of Laurier. Sir Wilfrid never appealed for votes for

himself in L'Assomption, but if he had John Monahan would have seen that he was elected. Sir Wilfrid always called on him when he came to St. Lin to see his father, and he cemented the friendship a couple of years ago by sending down to St. Lin for Monahan to come up to Ottawa to spend Sunday with him. Monahan went.

Smiling gardens run down sloping banks to the edge of the Laschagan River as it winds through the village. A factory here and there lends some slight tumult to the quiet of St. Lin, but the convent with its bright young girls, the infrequent railroad service and the unhurried leisure of the inhabitants and the visitors from the country reflect an air not consistent with modern North America.

JULES ETHIER, SCHOOL-FELLOW AND PLAYMATE OF LAURIER, FIFTY YEARS AGO

The road that leads from St. Lin to New Glasgow is one to which a curious interest attaches, for over it travelled the boy Laurier to the adjoining Scotch village where he learned English, the mastery of which made possible the Premiership and an ascendency that it seems will be challenged by no one during his lifetime. The road traverses a prosperous farming community that would do credit to a garden spot in Ontario and is far from the ordinary western conception of rural Quebec. Tasteful houses, large barns, well-tilled fields everywhere proclaim intelligence and thrift. Corn and tobacco are large crops in this level valley, and the skeleton forms of the tobacco barns disclose hundreds of pounds of the leaf of the *tabac Canayen*, that is at once the joy and the despair of smokers.

Over near New Glasgow stands the house once occupied by Nancy Kirk. The building is now used by the McCubbins, who regarded the innocent photographer with so much suspicion that they closed their shutters and bolted doors at the sight of the impudent stranger. The house is aged and weather-stained, but in the early fifties of last century it was the boarding-house of Wilfrid Laurier during the eventful winter of association with the Scotch people of New Glasgow. Alexander Maclean, long since dead, was the dominie of the school that harbored the pale, young boy whose father had the foresight to send him afield to learn the language of the dominant race. Wilfrid had his troubles in the little race jealousies of the day, but the associations were, after all, most pleasant.

"I remember," the Premier has said on more than one occasion since he became a national figure, "I remember how I fought with the Scotch boys and made school-boy love to the Scotch girls, with more success in the latter than in the former."

The school stood on the hill commanding a view of the village, but the building was long since replaced by a smaller one, for the French are crowding in, and the little Presbyterian Church has now only about fifteen supporting families. In his spare hours young Laurier spent much time in the store of the late John Murray and worked behind the counter frequently in his eager quest for a familiarity with

IDEALIST AND LAWYER, STATESMAN AND BON CAMERADE, THE VERSATILITY AND CHARM OF THE PREMIER ARE CHARACTERISTICALLY SUGGESTED IN THIS FAMILIAR PORTRAIT

English. This building remains, though in a somewhat altered form.

The habitants of L'Assomption have not all followed the relations of Wilfrid Laurier with the English-speaking races with approval. They are devoted to the French language. They read the French papers when they do read, and some of them are susceptible to the wiles of the Bourassa school. Hence, some complain that Laurier is too English for them. Inasmuch as On-

tario Tories say he is too French, the inference is that the Premier has adjusted the balance with a nice hand.

L'Assomption County here reaches up almost to the Laurentians. The landscape becomes rugged as one travels northward. Always changeful and picturesque, the Laurentians have seasons of real majesty and grandeur, and it is no exaggeration to say one feels the influence of these beautiful and rugged surroundings upon the character and imagination of Canada's leading orator and statesman.

When one passes with Laurier from St. Lin and New Glasgow to L'Assomption College, one seems to have passed from the boy to the man, and the seven years at L'Assomption or any other college would at that period of life weave great changes in the character of any one. L'Assomption is a beautiful old town, inconspicuous from any direction save for the twin towers of the parish church, whose doors stand open hour by hour to welcome the sorrowful or distressed. L'Assomption has only recently had railway connection, and the sight of a stranger on its shady streets pausing to examine its picturesque old white-washed houses, is enough to bring heads to the windows in real rural curiosity. L'Assomption College has for long been a famous educational institution in Quebec. Its little reception room is adorned with the portraits of Laurier, the late J. I. Tarte, Sir Louis Jette and other celebrities, whose names they are proud to point out on their honor roll.

As I wandered over its shady grounds the sound of music from the chapel carried me further than ever from the present. The students were at Mass, and the weird chords of the Gregorian chant intoned for half an hour seemed the last protest against the lighter music of the present day. Unfortunately, man needs variety, and the race cannot live by Gregorian music alone.

It was while attending at L'Assomption that the boy Laurier indicated his taste for a future career. Naturally gifted with fluency, he had an intense admiration for public speaking in others and his particular form of truancy was to slip out from college and attend sittings at the court house, listening for hours to the arguments of the lawyers. Then when politicians came to town he made certain to attend their meetings, and followed their discussions of public questions with keen attention.

The political atmosphere of L'Assomption College in those days was Conservative, but Arthur Dansereau has told us that "Wilfrid Laurier at sixteen exercised a veritable domination within the walls of this institution, which, however, did not share his political ideas." He was "the most popular pupil, the pupil with the greatest following and the most influence." This was purely the ascendency of character and intellect, for young Laurier seems to have taken little or no part in the college games.

So well had Wilfrid Laurier mastered English from his winter in New Glasgow school and store, and from his constant study of English literature that when he went to McGill in 1861 he took the law course in both French and English, graduating in three years. After a little in Montreal, we find him in the Eastern Townships, a struggling country lawyer in St. Christopher, now called Arthabaska. This period of the late sixties might be called the crisis of Laurier's life. His association with Lanctot, a fiery Quebec politician, was a rupture with his own ideals, and his departure for Arthabaska in 1866 was a wise move in more ways than one.

"I think I can see Laurier at this period," wrote Senator L. O. David, one of his life-long friends, "in poor health, sad, with a grave air, indifferent to all the noise about him, who passed among us as though he were a shadow and seemed to say, 'Brother, we must die'."

The young advocate's lungs were at this time thought to be seriously affected, and in this connection a pretty story is told of the romance of the Premier's life. While attending law school in Montreal, Laurier became deeply attached to a young lady in the house in which he boarded, who had some years before come up from a farm near Arthabaska. The attachment grew to love and promise of marriage. Unfortunately, at this stage Laurier's health gave way, and the Montreal

QUIET AND SECLUDED SIR WILFRID'S OLD HOME REMAINS THROUGH THE YEAR EXCEPT FOR A FEW WEEKS WHEN ITS OWNER COMES TO REST AND RENEW OLD FRIENDS IN ARTHABASKA

THE LAURIER PLOT IN THE OLD CHURCH-YARD OF ST. LIN

Here Sir Wilfrid's father and mother sleep in the last long peace

doctors thought he could not live long. Under these circumstances the engagement was broken and Laurier went to Arthabaska in wretched health, and, as most people thought, with but a short time to live. Soon after his arrival he consulted a local doctor who told him he was not seriously ill and that with care he might live a long time.

"Will you give me a certificate to that effect?" asked young Laurier, eagerly.

"Certainly," the doctor replied.

The certificate was given to Laurier, who headed for Montreal to show it to his former lady love. In the meantime the lady had made other friendships which might have proved lasting, but the return of Wilfrid with the assurance of probable good health and long life brought the lovers together again. That woman is now Lady Laurier.

Arthabaska nestles serenely in the valley of the Nicolet, two-thirds of the way from Montreal to Quebec. Its setting, several miles in from the railway, is as picturesque as could be imagined. Its families are old and exclusive, and its street signs swarm with the names of *avocats*, for it is the judicial centre of the county. The large red brick court house was the arena of the young Laurier, the village Lincoln, as it were. He soon dominated the legal practitioners of the district. His little white clapboarded law office still stands and still bears his name, although he has not handled a brief in many years. Laurier's legal practice in Arthabaska increased year by year, and his prosperity was reflected in his increased personal comfort. His last residence was erected about thirty years ago, and is a large two-storey brick building, to which the Premier still repairs each summer for a few weeks' rest.

Hither came the Liberal party in 1887 badly in need of a leader. They had seen Laurier in the House of Commons and they knew their man. Of course there were doubters as there were even when Lincoln was nominated for President. Here was a man who had made his way in the profession which he loved. He had not been spoken of as a man wholly for public service, and why disturb him? But the need of party and country were supreme, and the man who had been known as a graceful speaker and idealist, and a happy comrade among men was taken from his narrow sphere and became in time the dominant Canadian statesman, the political seer, the master craftsman and the autocrat of Canadian politics.

To-day as the habitants move slowly down the street from Sunday Mass in the church on the hill, they pass the red brick home in the maple grove, unoccupied save by an old woman who cares for it. They look over at the white painted law office with the name Laurier at the end of the stone path opposite; they step into the law office of perhaps a new Laurier in evolution, and talk over neighborhood troubles, but their affection still clings to Sir Wilfrid, and as long as Louis Lavergne is preserved by the *tabac Canayen* which he unceasingly smokes, they will send him to Ottawa to support the one-time country lawyer whom they regard as affectionately as Illinois reveres the memory of Lincoln.

FROM THE JAPANESE

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

A PUFF of dust blew past;
My heart is shaken within me.
Ah, sweet, I would feel you pass
Though dead for ten thousand years!

The House-Breakers

By May Dorothea Ogg.

Illustrated by Geo. E Bielenberg.

NAN squeezed herself into the darkness made by a little projection in the wall and listened to rapidly approaching footsteps. Her heart thumped in a way that annoyed her extremely. She watched the strip of white pavement with the swinging electric above it, and the footsteps grew louder and louder till she quakingly decided that it could not be a mere human making all that noise. It must be some steel shod monster, she thought, walking on its hind legs through the stillness of the night.

A man hove in sight. He took long unhampered steps and carried a suitcase.

Nan eyed him anxiously. She knew, for several old and wise people had impressed upon her, that the people who walked abroad at night were quite different from the day-time variety; different and dangerous. She stared hard and curiously at the man in the brilliant circle of light. His face had a dog tired look. Nan had seen just that expression of world weariness on many faces; it did not look different. She hastily apprised other details of this unknown being. They were all familiar to suburban Nan. She had seen hundreds of men just like this. She watched them race for their trains in the morning. She observed their high ambition for comfortable slippers and a hot dinner at night. In crowded cars they gave up their seats to her, and she surprised them very much by saying thank you. Certainly so ordinary a creature as this could not be harmful. Perhaps he might even help her.

She started forward. The man was fast receding into darkness. She wanted to call, but what? "Hi!" or "Ahoy!" or "You there!" seemed appropriate, but Nan had never, at least in her brief grown up life, called those things at a person, and now at midnight to a total stranger, they struck her as informal. While she hesitated, the man was out of ear shot.

Nan drew her white cloak about her and transferred her attention to the door knob once more. She turned it slowly and gently pushed, then she turned it quickly and put her whole hundred and ten pounds against the door. It was unresponsive—she rattled the knob resentfully and abandoned it as useless.

Clutching her trailing skirts she hopped across the intervening space between porch and verandah and tried the drawing room windows. All were secured with praiseworthy care.

The far end of the verandah overlooked the back regions. Nan wondered if she dared go there. It was very dark. Something moved, she made out dimly a cat crouching silent across the yard. Nan scurried back to the friendly light.

She suddenly noticed that one of her father's windows was open, the one nearest the porch. Hope sprang again. She ventured on a gentle call, then one less gentle, then so loud a one as to make her glance round apprehensively. She listened. The whole world seemed dead. Nan was seized with a panicky feeling that she must make someone hear within ten seconds or go crazy.

With small heed for her dainty gown she clambered up to a ledge in one of the posts, leaned toward the open window and called softly, "Daddy"; pause, "Daddy"; pause again, then "Daddy" louder, but yet not very loud, for Daddy was not a man to enjoy being

routed out of his comfortable downy in the middle of the night. She tried once or twice more, and then laughter unexpected and irrepressible came upon her at the plaintive babe-in-the-wood sound of her wail.

She clung to the post laughing hysterically, till an idea cut her short. The idea was stones. It quickly elaborated itself to sticks, pebbles, anything hard, to throw. She climbed cautiously from her perch and started on a quest for throwable articles. Her field of search was limited to the circle of light, outside that the darkness was too horrible—it made her shiver.

The lawn was discouragingly close mown and well groomed. It would be an enterprising pebble indeed, that dared mar its velvety surface. Nan looked around and understood that the road was her only chance, wherefore with many stops to reconnoitre from the black shadows of maple trunks, she reluctantly went out of the gate.

Nan had always imagined that pebbles abounded in roads, it seemed somehow their native heath. Yet, before her lay a road, and not only were there no pebbles but not so much as one small twig was there. She held her first train well above her slim white silk ankles and impatiently kicked a dead leaf (it might have been muddy for all she knew) with an immaculate satin toe.

There was a sharp ting-ting, and something shot close by her, so suddenly that she jumped. A man was dismounting from a bicycle a short distance from her. Nan was not entirely unused to men, and she regarded this one calmly. He put his foot on the pedal and whirled it low to prop the wheel against the curb, then with his cap off he came towards her.

"I'll help you find it," he volunteered brusquely.

"Wh-what?" she asked, taken back.

"Whatever you've lost," he answered, in a slightly surprised tone. "What is it?"

"Nothing," she said.

He looked at her squarely. "When I came along just now, weren't you hunting for something?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes," she assented, eagerly, "I was trying to find—but I have not lost anything."

"What were you trying to find?" he pursued, patiently.

She did not speak for a moment, then "Will you help me?" she asked, gravely.

"Was it mushrooms?" he persisted, his patience almost gone.

"Do be sensible," she cried, vexedly. "When I'm in such a beastly hole, it is mean of you to talk about mushrooms and—and things. I can't get in," she added, with an explanatory wave of her hand in the direction of the house.

"Now we're getting down to business," he said, heartily. "Lead on, Macduff." She smiled upon him for the first time, and he wondered vaguely what made her teeth so transparently blue-white. The shine of the electric, he concluded, was responsible.

Together they crossed the boulevard and started up the path. It was a crooked path and wound in a foolish meaningless way across the narrow lawn. The man eyed it critically. "It looks as if it were saying proudly, 'Look at me wandering through the family estate'," he remarked, "and people look and ask, 'But where is the estate?' 'That's of no consequence,' it says, and throws on another curve, 'I am what you are to admire'."

He glanced at Nan whimsically, and she was laughing.

"It has always aggravated me," she said. "You have managed to express its mental attitude exactly. Do paths have mental attitudes, I wonder?"

He seemed to speculate on the proposition.

"Why did you stop?" Nan asked, abruptly. "You whizzed by me as though there were not a moment to be lost."

"I did not see you," he began, slowly, "till my front tire almost brushed your gown; I swerved just in time and stopped from sheer surprise at not having run over you."

"Yes?" observed the interested Nan.

"The reason I stayed," he paused and looked at Nan with an evident pleasure in that occupation, "was that I wanted to help you."

"Do you think you can?" she asked, anxiously.

"I know it," he returned, with serene confidence, "It will not be the first house I have broken into." He smiled, engagingly, but Nan did not smile, his words had filled her with a shiversome thought. She took one swift glance at the shadowy bicycle, by the curb. A black bag strapped to the handlebars confirmed her intuition.

At no period of her life had Nan been considered reticent. She faced her companion and pleasure was mingled with a kind of awe in her blue eyes. "You are a burglar?" she hazarded, and it was as though she said: "Here is a strange new thing, perhaps harmful but fascinating."

"A professional burglar!" she murmured, gazing at him.

"N-not quite a professional," he stammered, "I—"

"That does not matter," she interrupted. "Only think of the luck, though, just when a burglar can help me better than anyone else—a burglar appears. Isn't it—O, do let me see your what-do-you-call-it, the thing you tie to your wrist and hit people over the head with."

NAN THREW HER WHOLE HUNDRED AND TEN POUNDS AGAINST THE DOOR

"I have not got it with me," he murmured confusedly, but with perfect truth.

It struck Nan that perhaps she had been too precipitate, so she tried another tack.

"Is business good just now?" she inquired, politely.

"Not what I could wish," he rejoined, with a gloomy shake of the head.

"Ah!" she observed, in a sympathetic tone. Just then they reached the porch, and the burglar tried the door. Nan thought he would produce a skeleton key, (she was curious to see what skeleton keys were like) but he didn't.

"Something is sure to be left open," he said, hopefully, "there always is."

"Not here," corrected his interested spectator with decision. "At least not in front, I didn't try the back because" —she hesitated and blushed, looking at him sidelong.

"Of course not," he helped her out, "I was afraid of the dark when I was a child, too."

"How dare you call me a child," she cried, furiously. "Look at that," she let go her train and spun round on one heel so that it spread out to a broad plain of shimmering white around her. Then catching it to her, "As for the dark," she said, "you'll see." She

sprang from the porch to the verandah, lightly ran its length and dropped to the soft grass at the very edge of the shifting light.

Her indignation carried her halfway to the trellis that divided the lawn from the servant's stamping ground. Then everything seemed very still and—no, she did not mind the darkness, she had just said so. She looked back, no one was there.

"Burglar," she called, rather shakily. After a moment of suspense the tall figure of the burglar appeared.

"Come on," Nan said. "Wherever have you been?"

"Thought I'd better make sure of those front windows," he answered, and Nan was too pleased at having a companion again to even mention her belief that he might have taken her word that the front windows were locked.

Together they made the tour of the silent house. Nan stuck close to the burglar, but he did not seem to notice that, only tried windows and doors in a business-like fashion that was reassuring, but led nowhere for everything seemed to be tightly screwed down.

"COME ON," SHE SAID. "WHEREVER HAVE YOU BEEN?"

Once he had to climb into a low shed roof to get at the kitchen window. It was the very darkest place in their eerie journey, and Nan felt that she could not have endured to be left on the ground, which she was sure was covered with butterflies and June-bugs (her pet aversions), but for an important fact which she discovered. It was that when she stood on tip toe, her fingers just reached the sole of the burglar's boot as he knelt feeling for the sash. She clung to this comforting proof of a protector with the tenacity generally imputed to a drowning man, who meets a casual straw. Since the burglar wore good stout boots he never knew how admirably he had played the somewhat unusual part of the straw.

Nan dusted her hand furtively as he crawled down. "No go," he cheerfully announced, and they continued their round in silence.

When they had completed the circuit and stood once more in the pleasant light, Nan addressed her confederate briskly. "Now, your tools," she said. "You'd better fetch them here and begin." She concealed a delicate yawn and sat down on the steps. The burglar looked startled.

"We must try every way before that," he declared, strenuously.

"We have," Nan objected.

"There are still the upper windows," he told her.

"And no ladder," she interjected.

"I could climb the porch," he suggested.

"What good would that do," she asked, impatiently, "you seem to have forgotten that I am the one who has to get in."

"I'll come down through the house and let you in." He looked at her hopefully, but his hopes were dashed.

"It's ridiculous," she cried. "You don't know your way. The floor of the upper landing squeaks wildly. You'd bump into things and every one would wake up and capture you. Why have you such a rooted objection to getting your tools anyway?"

He had no answer ready, and started slowly for the gate. Nan watched him

"IT'S DADDY!" SHE WHISPERED IN AN AWED VOICE

with expectant satisfaction. She had never seen any one burgle, and her mind was of the inquiring sort to which new experiences appeal.

But half way the burglar hesitated, then turned and came resolutely back. He stood before the puzzled Nan, and his expression puzzled her yet more. The man looked positively ashamed of himself.

"Well?" she threw a note of impatient questioning into the word.

"I haven't any," he confessed.

"Any what?" inquired Nan, mystified.

"Tools." He seemed to bite the word vindictively.

"Did you forget them?" she asked, innocently, still unenlightened.

He saw the loophole for escape, but

scorned to use it. "I don't own any," he informed her.

"What's happened to them?" she blinked her long eyelashes up at him in wonder.

"Nothing," he cried, desperately, "I never owned a tool in my life. If someone presented me with one, I'd have not the least idea what to do with it. The only house-breaking experiences I have run up against are the times I used to come home from college unexpectedly, and have to force an entrance. In short, I'm awfully sorry, I know you'll hate me for it, but I'm not a burglar, only an ordinary man."

She had stood up and was regarding him in bewilderment.

"Then you—but—why you told me a lie," she finished and looked him in the face unwinkingly.

The burglar felt himself on slightly firmer ground; at least she did not refuse to speak to him. "I did not," he said, eagerly. The blue eyes looked unbelieving. "I did not tell you a thing, truly except that I was not quite a professional. If you think a minute, you'll remember."

"It's the same thing," she flashed at him, scornfully. "You are too annoying. From the way you spoke and behaved, and everything, I thought of course you were a competent housebreaker." Nan's aggrieved tone seemed to imply that his services had been ordered and paid for.

But the miserable burglar did not resent her tone. "Won't you," he began. Nan held up her hand and he stopped abruptly.

She took a step backwards on to the porch, and stood there very straight, which brought her eyes level with his. She intended to deliver a lecture to this erring young man that would simply crumple him up, but for once a woman could find no words. What had he done amiss? She could hardly censure him for deciding against a career of crime. Already he had refuted the charge of falsity of statement. Nan made two lines in her white forehead, and vigorously searched her consciousness for the name of his offence. This was vexatious. She knew he deserved a reprimand, but for what was not clear.

The *ci-devant* burglar wore a becomingly contrite expression and the look in his gray eyes was disarming.

Nan's heart was not of stone, and something about the affair struck her quite suddenly as funny. She tried to preserve her judicial air but without avail. She sank in helpless laughter on the steps. A burst of relieved half-suppressed laughter joined hers, and the night echoed softly to their causeless and sincere mirth.

As soon as Nan had breath enough to speak. "You are forgiven," she gasped, "don't ask me what for, but accept my apology—I mean I accept yours without reservations." She waved her hand airily.

"You are a brick," he cried, and catching the hand wrung it thankfully.

She looked at him with candid eyes. "Does that mean that you are saying good-bye or that we are being introduced?" she asked.

"Introductions must come before partings," he replied, "it's a common law of science." Fumbling in his pocket he produced a card and handed it to her. She glanced at it in silence and returned it to him.

"That's half over," he encouraged her.

"Are you so anxious to get to the parting?" she inquired irrelevantly.

"Not that," he assured her, "but I hate to leave things unfinished."

"Yes?" she murmured, abstractedly, and stood back a little way, contemplating the house with deep thought.

"Aren't you going to do your part?" he demanded, indignantly.

"Well," she brought her gaze reluctantly to bear on him, "I have no card, you see."

"It's a poor enough excuse," he growled.

"But," she remonstrated, "you must see that I can't say my own name out loud, in cold blood. Suppose you did not catch it the first time." She shivered delicately at the grisly notion.

"Surely there's some way," he racked his brains. "Couldn't you tell me your father's name?" he suggested, brilliantly.

"R. P. Creighton," she cried, like a doll when the right spring is touched.

"You are a clever man," she said, admiringly, "Now it's over without the least discomfort, as the dentist's advertisements pretend."

"Now that I've managed to get into your good graces, even if it is only for a minute," he said, "do tell me something that I've wondered ever since I met you."

"What?" she asked, looking pleased and interested.

"Only, what were you hunting for down there by the boulevard when I came along and did not run over you?" He watched her expectantly.

"O that," she said in a bored voice. "It was just—and it reminds me, Mr. Paget that I simply must get in. You promised to help me, and you have not," she added, pointedly.

He groaned.

"I'm afraid I'm inconveniencing you," she observed, politely. "Please don't stay for me. I dare say I can climb the porch alone."

"You climb," he burst out, astonished, "why, even with me to help you, it would be a—— "

She quelled him with a look. "It's the only way," she said, curtly. "Unless you've a rope ladder concealed about you."

"If I had, it would not materially alter the case," he observed, with settled gloom, "I'd have to climb up and make it fast for you."

He glanced ruefully at his unimpeachable gray homespun, and with a sigh approached the porch. Without much effort he gained the peaked roof, and by dint of great exertion on both their parts managed to drag the breathless Nan up too. She lay on the steep slant and clutched the ridge-pole with both hands. Their position seemed to her perilous beyond belief.

John Paget's one idea was to get her safely bestowed inside the window which was their goal. Its sill was only a foot above the roof, and he saw with gratitude that it was open. He began edging gingerly along when a quick whisper stopped him.

"Some one's stealing your bicycle," it said. He turned his head and saw standing by his forgotten wheel, a man.

The innocent but suspiciously-situated pair on the roof watched the man with anxious interest. The bicycle seemed to afford him some food for thought. After a long and puzzled survey he turned abruptly and came up the walk towards them.

He threw searching glances to right and left as he came. Where the owner of the derelict bicycle could be was plainly his problem.

The owner sincerely congratulated himself on the fact that his side of the roof was in Stygian darkness. A hand clutched his sleeve, and he started uncomfortably, then seeing it was Nan's, guided it with care back to its hold on the ridge-pole. He leaned towards her for an explanation. "It's Daddy," she whispered, in an awed voice. "Don't speak," she added quickly, divining his innocent assumption that now all was well.

"Why not?" he asked, surprised but cautious. "He's probably got a latch key."

"Probably," she assented, dryly. "He undoubtedly has a temper and rather decided notions of how his daughters should behave."

Mr. Paget, discreetly silent, eyed the approaching man with a new interest. The thought flitted across his mind that Mr. Creighton seemed unusually tall and muscular.

Nan's father came on and disappeared beneath them. They heard him try the door, then heavy footsteps crossed to the verandah and the drawing room windows rattled one by one. By the sounds below the would-be housebreakers knew that Mr. Creighton was repeating their own manœuvres of half an hour ago. They listened breathless.

"He's round the corner now," whispered Mr. Paget, as the heavy tread of a man on a wooden floor changed to the soft thud of footsteps on turf.

"In the dark," shuddered Nan.

"We'd better hustle," he went on, "catch hold of my arm."

"O Burglar, do you think anything will happen to him?" Nan's voice was agonized.

Mr. Paget smiled in the darkness. "Catch hold of my arm," he repeated, authoritatively, and she obeyed.

They worked their way cautiously along the shingles. "Do you?" implored Nan; then, with a little catch in her voice and a tightening of the fingers on his arm, "what's that?"

Mr. Paget paused at the sound. "The trellis gate shutting," he recognized. "Don't be so nervous, little girl, you're not half trusting me. I'll see you through this scrape all right." His steady voice braced her.

"Thanks," she breathed, and smiled at him, wanly.

"Bully," he commended, and flinging his arm over the sill drew himself onto the ridgepole. "Now," he directed, "hang on tight and help me all you can."

She did her best, but skirts are not conducive to comfortable climbing.

The trellis gate clicked audibly—he let go the sill and slipped down beside her again." He's coming back, confound h——the luck," he substituted politely, remembering that the offender was her father.

They waited without speaking till he emerged from the shadows. He took a long survey of the premises, seeming almost to fall into a brown study, while gazing at the unexplained bicycle. Then he turned sharply towards the porch.

"He's going in," whispered Nan, excitedly. "Get ready and when the door slams, there's something wrong with the catch and it won't shut without a slam, pull me up quick. He won't be able to hear us because—"

"Hush," said he, comprehending. He quietly reached up and got a good hold on the sill. The distinct sound of a key being fitted into a lock came from below. Nan's fingers were tense in his: "Now," she whispered. A bang, a swish, a desperate scramble with a long sound of tearing silk through it all and she was inside, scared, a little dazed, but laughing softly.

As they regarded each other's faces across the sill there came to their ears a slam twice repeated. "It often does not catch the first time," she answered to his look of inquiry.

"I'm off," he said. "Good-bye, and don't forget your burglar."

She grew pink from the point of her saucy chin to her eyes: "I'm sorry," she said, "I'm afraid I called you that after—after you weren't."

"I like it," he said, simply.

"Well," said she, "you can't go yet; Daddy is still prowling about." She considered a minute. "You'll have to wait till he is on the stairs, then even if you do make a noise getting down he won't be able to reach a window quickly. I'll reconnoitre." With finger on lips and sparkling eyes she faded into the blackness. He sat on the sharp peak of the roof and waited, staring into darkness.

A little rustle sounded and he looked up. He had not before realized how uncommonly pretty this little debutante could look.

"He's in the dining room," she whispered, "having a drink. I wish I could provide you with one. You deserve it." Her tone was sincerely sorrowful.

"I'm all right," said he, curtly. "But I say, would you think it awful cheek if I were to ask you for that rose you're wearing?"

She laughed. "Of course not," and unpinning the crushed blossom gave it to him. He dropped it carelessly into an outside pocket, but his hand trembled ever so slightly.

"There's Daddy," she said, "when I tell you go, go quickly." She slipped away, and in a moment he heard her voice. "Go," it said, and he went.

Nan stood at the window seeing the last of her burglar and listening to Mr. Creighton's steps in the next room. A thought struck her. "I never thanked him," she murmured, and smiled.

THE FERTILITY OF THE EDMONTON COUNTRY STANDS RIGHT UP AND LOOKS AT YOU

THE CITY THAT LOOKS NORTH

BY ARTHUR HAWKES

THE appeal of Edmonton to your abiding regard does not lie in the lineal measurement of the streets, or even in the hundred other proofs, such as you see in every capital, that here is a city where yesterday only an outpost stood. It is in something as elusive as it is unmistakable. It is a quality that belongs to the second half of spring—when you are sure that summer is really at hand, and that, presently, the green things that have been hugging the ground for so long, will leap into astonishing luxuriance; and the trees must clap their hands, because they are about to be fully clothed.

The Edmonton atmosphere is a compound of ingredients that you can only partially analyze. Think about your friends, and you will call to mind some who have the ordinary qualities of good humanity, plus something that makes them more lovable than the others. They are like Edmonton and the Edmonton country,—they have a charm that is more than beauty, more than kindness, more than wealth.

There came to my office last spring a man from Ireland, who was on the way to a section of land between Edmonton and Morinville. He had about as much imagination as a phonograph. I tried to joke with him, and discovered the first man from Ireland to whom laughter was a labour, if, indeed, it were not an impossibility.

"I have an important post in the Inland Revenue Department at Dublin," he said; "and I have got six months' leave of absence, to look at the land I bought eleven years ago when I first saw the country."

Then he told how he nearly lost his position because, on the first trip he overstayed his leave. And now he was going back again.

"Sometimes I wish they had sacked me," he said, "for I've never been able to get that country out of my head.

I've wanted to go back and stay in it. and I'm afraid this trip will end the Inland Revenue for me."

Last summer, three hardened westerners were speeding into Edmonton in an automobile that had taken them a trip north to the Sturgeon River. I had never supposed them to be in the least sentimental. They lived for business all the time. The black road brought us to where we could see the Saskatchewan Valley in part of its glory. Leaféd bluffs; flower splashed meadows, fields of bending grain,—the slope towards the river, flowing at the foot of steep banks that hid it from view except at one point to the eastward; the slope up again to Clover Bar, and out to the Beaver Hills.

My two friends had been discussing the heaviest kind of financial business. There came a lull in the talk, and the younger lifted his eyes, and looked over the country for two minutes. Then he stretched out his arm to the woods of the horizon, and I heard, from my seat behind, "Charley, doesn't this remind you of something?

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between."

"By gad," answered Charley of the steering wheel, "it does"; and he took up the strain.

"Could we but stand where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Could fright us from that shore."

Now, the notion of two churchless sinners renewing their youth by quoting Dr. Watts in an automobile may strike you as grotesque. At first it seemed half sacrilegious to me. But I looked, as the first unsuspected hymnist had looked, and, upon my word, I couldn't help asking him to repeat his verse of Spiritual Song.

"Stand dressed in living green," Exactly. The fertility of the Edmonton country stands right up and looks at you, and, so to say, shakes its fist in your face, from sheer impulse to make something move. It fills the air with the very breath of commercial life. It engenders a patriotism that nothing can quench. Herein is a rare and splendid asset. People of every kindred, and tribe, and tongue, have come to this country. With them it is literally, completely, leaving the things which are behind. They take root quickly, even as the wheat that puts its radicles deep into the impulsive soil.

Last summer I drove with a couple of bankers ten miles out of Edmonton, to see the farmers' picnic at Clover Bar, where were abundance of admirable food; plentitude of rich, harmless liquor; variety and strength in speeches delivered in a stately poplar grove, and cosmopolitanism, energy, ambition in the people. We could not take a census of the crowd whose horses lined the fences and rested beneath the trees. But we lingered longer than we expected, and had to telephone to town to delay dinner. On the way home, we stopped to photograph cattle, belly deep in the grass; to inspect the apples in the first orchard in the Valley; to admire the spacious farmsteads, and to see timothy hay that had been cut and bound in five-foot sheaves; and we met two farmers, who preferred to haul coal from the mine at a dollar and a half a ton, to the best picnic on earth.

I wished I could read, there and then, Franchere's description and expectations of this region, as he saw it when leaving the West for civilization in 1814—long before the ploughman had superseded the fur-trader; and before the factories that lie beside the river began to make smoke different from that which ascended to heaven from Indian tepees and from the palisaded fort. I wish I were in the happy case of the novelist whom I met here in 1905. Then I almost pitied him for buying land on Jasper Avenue at three hundred dollars a foot. Now, I envy him, for this three hundred has multiplied into a thousand; and he knows, of a surety, that real estates increment is no fiction.

Do you see how the spell in the air is part of the percentage in the soil? Edmonton is only just coming into its own, and I do not think that by the time Edmonton has a hundred thousand people within her limits, she will have lost anything of the fine free spirit of her youth.

FIVE-FOOT SHEAVES AT EDMONTON

A dozen different kinds of grains and grasses, some of them taller than a man, and all of them rich in nutritive value

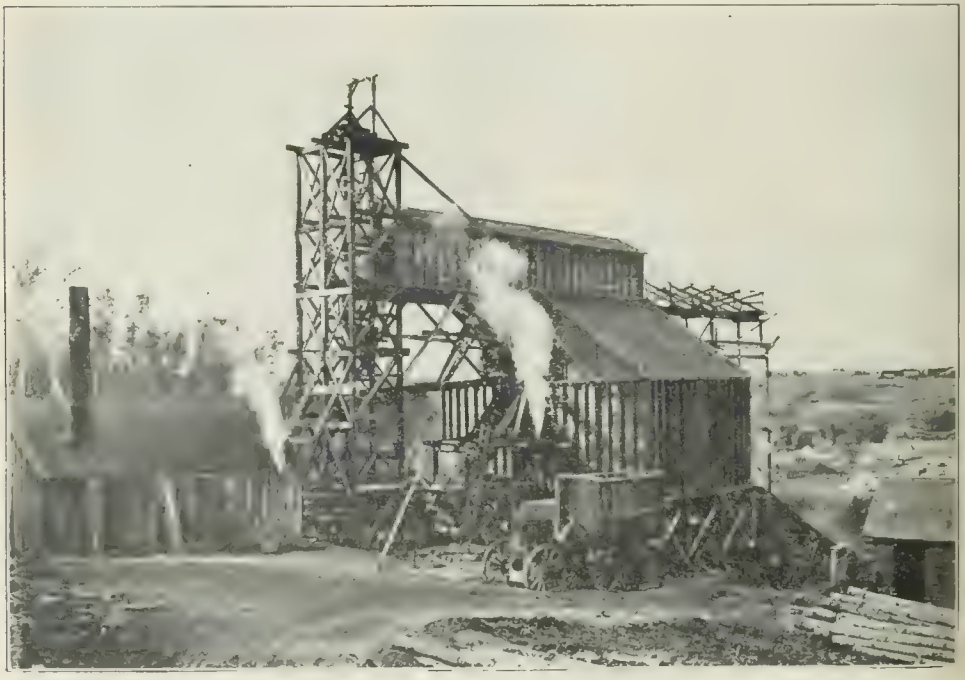
THE EDMONTON COUNTRY AT HARVEST TIME HAS CANAAN'S MILK AND HONEY DISTANCED IN THE STRAIGHT

Perhaps I am enviable in my point of view, which belongs largely to the manner in which I was happy enough to approach this city of the Northern Garden.

I was travelling through Western Canada for the first time since 1891, and was writing of some of the things I saw, in the Morning Post of London. Fortune blessed my desire to see the Saskatchewan Valley, for I came from Winnipeg to Edmonton over the Canadian Northern with President Mackenzie; Mr. Byron E. Walker, the general manager, now President, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce; Mr. C. C. Chipman, Commissioner of the Hudson Bay Company; Mr. H. H. MacLeod, then chief engineer and now general manager of the railway; and my friend, Howard Kennedy, of the London Times.

The new towns of the Saskatchewan Valley, which, on the Canadian Northern main line, begin west of Humbolt, were in the hammering infancy. North Battleford had seven buildings. Lloydminster, the British, was two years old, —the most striking product of all-English colonization that the twentieth century has yet produced. The first night out from Winnipeg we "tied up" at Humbolt. The second darkness found us at the end of steel, about thirty miles west of Lloydminster. Daylight saw us started on the drive to Edmonton,—a hundred and sixty miles by the way we intended to go.

Vermilion was a piece of flat prairie without a living thing in sight. We lunched at Del Norte, now Innisfree, in a log and sod stopping-place, kept by an Oklahoman. We supped at Vegreville, then a few houses, four miles to the south of the flourishing Vegreville of to-day. We camped somewhere near the Raith of to-day's time-tables. Lunch time next day found us by the river outside Star, on the telegraph line that was built from Winnipeg to Edmonton via Battleford, in the seventies, and we had an early supper at Fort Saskatchewan, where we were met by Edmonton friends and new horses. Before dusk we crossed the river on the old-time ferry, and darkness found me wondering how my Jehu, whom I think I may dare to call my friend



WHERE COAL-SMOKE HAS SUPERSEDED THE TEPEE FIRES OF THE OLD DAYS

THERE IS ENOUGH UNFENCED COUNTRY LEFT TO LET OUT YOUR PONY WITHOUT FEAR OF COLLISIONS

Turnbull, could handle safely, at such speed, a team of lickity range horses.

Well, a hundred and sixty miles in two days, behind teams, over the most fertile land in Canada, with no railway to the southward nearer than two hundred miles, and nothing north of us faster than a horse or a canoe; but with a railroad dump, now on one side of the trail and now on another; and an occassional homesteader trailing to his place with his lares and penates overfilling his precious wagon,—the trip in company with the genius of the railway enterprise that was giving the vast plains of the Saskatchewan their first modern transportation machinery, with a great banker who was providing capital for use in half a continent, with the man who had located every inch of the road, and with the chief of the old Company that had dominated the country from the time of the second Charles,—this was a fitting introduction to Edmonton.

So we clattered to Jasper Avenue, in a blaze of electric light, to see crowds and decorations, and to hear music that anticipated the next day's inauguration of provincial government, with the Governor General and the Prime Minister of all the Canadas to give the event a regal splendour. Until that day no such congregation had assembled between Winnipeg and the Pacific. It was a seal upon a heroic past, a promise of a mightier future, a baptism of empire that was worth a hundred such journeys.

The eminence of Edmonton was assured from the beginning. But it was slow in coming. The first survey of the Canadian Pacific Railway was through the magnificent Saskatchewan Valley—mainly the Canadian Northern route of these latter days. It would have made the city of Edmonton about seventeen miles south of the present site, on the plains, instead of at the one really peerless site for a capital city in the prairie country.

But the Canadian Pacific was built two hundred miles southward, and the pioneers who came up from Fort Garry in ox carts were sorely disappointed. A branch line came in from the south;

THE PIONEERS WHO CAME UP FROM OLD FORT GARRY IN OX-CARTS

but Edmonton was not "made" until it saw its own railway coming from the east. Then the place got into its stride. The approach of the Canadian Northern transformed real estate business of all kinds; and when Edmonton obtained its first railway station in November, 1906, it had become what the old-timers of '80 and '81 then thought it was surely going to be.

In 1906 the rails came, and in 1907 two extensions were laid down, one due west as far as Stony Plains, and one north-west to Morinville. There are no stones on Stony Plains; which are so named after an Indian tribe. At Morinville there is coal,—a good domestic lignite—just below the surface. The Stony Plains extension was headed for the Yellowhead Pass.

This summer finally established Edmonton as a railway centre of the first quality. The Canadian Northern is extending its Stony Plains branch to the Brazeau River, on which its great coal deposits lie; and which is on the road to Vancouver by way of the Yellowhead and the North Thompson River. The Morinville branch is being pushed to Athabasca Landing with an eastward line to follow the north bank of the Saskatchewan down to North Battleford. Through Strathcona a line will be run south-east to Camrose, to join with one from Vegreville, and to proceed to Calgary.

The Grand Trunk Pacific is reaching the city from Winnipeg, and will lay track on the eastward grade en route to Prince Rupert, over a thousand miles away. No such programme of railway building has been made for any western city in one year. The programme is as reasonable as the proposition that two and two make four.

The plough is preceding the locomotive all the time. I have had access to figures which show that the increase in passengers carried over the two "horns" from Edmonton were four times as many during 1908 as during 1907. The inference is obvious. The trail of the future is clearly blazed; and when more tracks are laid we shall become acquainted with the Real North West, of which Edmonton is now the tollgate, and will presently be the metropolis.

THE SPACIOUS LIBRARY OF MACDONALD COLLEGE

THE MEN WHO LEAD THE FARMERS

BY A. FRANK MANTLE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE subjects of former articles in this series have been men who are setting their mark upon Western agriculture in particular, though few of them are of western origin or training. Dr. James W. Robertson, Principal of the Macdonald Agricultural College at St. Anne Bellevue, Quebec, the subject of the present article, is a man whose work has been national in its scope during many years and who labored for the advancement of agriculture in the Western provinces years before they came into being as such and when S. A. Bedford and Angus Mackay were almost the sole leaders of the work in the West.

Few educators in the field of agriculture have paid much attention to the marketing end of that industry. Nearly all have confined their efforts to increasing the quantity or the quality of farm products or to reducing the cost of production. That there is a third factor determining the profits and success of the producer has often been overlooked or ignored. The farmer on the farm has received much aid in many ways, but the farmer off his farm—struggling to meet world-wide competition in distant markets of which he knows little and can know little, and over the means of access to which he has no control—this farmer in the past received but little governmental or educational assistance.

The "science of the why, and the art of the how," as one writer has aptly phrased it, receive constant attention, but the commercial aspects of farming have been somewhat neglected. Yet the one aspect is quite equal in importance to the others. It is as easy for a man through lack of knowledge of, or facilities for, marketing to lose money as it is for him through improper or

PROFESSOR W. J. BLACK, PRINCIPAL OF THE MANITOBA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

careless methods of farming to fail to make it.

More and more, as our products enter into international competition instead of being sold and consumed near the point of production, does it become necessary that our farmers be men of business as well as tillers of the soil and feeders of stock.

The record of Dr. James W. Robertson's career reveals the gradual realization of this truth, and the first steps that were taken by Canadian governments and agricultural educators to inform farmers as to the requirements of the markets they were aiming to supply and to meet them more than half way in their efforts by affording such transportation facilities, etc., as would enable them to place their products in such markets with the least possible delay and loss, were initiated and directed by Dr. Robertson. He is more than an expert dairyman, agriculturist, teacher and lecturer; he is an organizer and man of business ability. With talents along these lines that would have insured him wealth were they devoted to commerce, he was satisfied to devote them to the up-building of the dairy industry and diversified farming in Canada, accepting as his only financial reward a government salary.

He first worked for the *art* of agriculture, teaching Ontario cheese-makers to make better cheese and Ontario farmers to take better care of milk—the most perishable and easily contaminated of farm products and human foods; he next, as Dairy Commissioner, and later as Commissioner of Agriculture and Dairying, worked for the *industry* of Agriculture—emphasizing the necessity, not for higher grade products alone, but for knowledge of

markets and better transportation facilities for the perishable products of dairy and orchard.

Out of these efforts grew the Dominion Government Dairy and Cold Storage Service as it exists to-day—a separate branch of the Department of Agriculture having a Commissioner of its own and five divisions. Under the fostering care of this branch, organized and for many years led by Dr. Robertson and later by his efficient lieutenant, J. A. Ruddick, Canada's butter exports rose from less than 2,000,000 pounds in 1890, to 34,000,000 pounds in 1906, and her cheese exports in the same period from 94,000,000 to 216,000,000 pounds. And this despite a growing population and ever-increasing home consumption. Surely Dr. Robertson's labors for the commercial side of Agriculture were well justified, and ample excuse for this example of paternalism in governments was afforded!

DR. ROBERTSON, TO WHOSE ENERGY AND ENTHUSIASM MUCH OF CANADA'S AGRICULTURAL GROWTH MAY BE LAID

The chief contribution of this leader of farmers and exponent of broad-gauge agriculture to the cause west of the Great Lakes was the system of Government creameries which he organized in the old North-West Territories. This was a notable work and one of great importance to the west, so much so, that, when the great twin provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta were carved out of the old North-West Territories, each of the new Provincial Departments of Agriculture lost no time in creating a Dairy Branch, appointing a superintendent, and taking over this enterprise from the Dominion Government. To-day the Government creameries in both provinces are in a flourishing, profitable, and healthy condition, and it is a tribute to Dr. Robertson's skill and judgment in picking his assistants that the Superintendent of Dairying of each province, W. A. Wilson of Saskatchewan and C. Marker of Alberta, came out west on his appointment to take charge of Dominion Government creameries.

These enterprises were never government-owned—they were merely government-controlled and operated. The government loaned money for their erection and equipment, placed competent men in charge, undertook the sale of the product, and divided the returns among the creamery patrons

ONE OF THE BUILDINGS OF MACDONALD COLLEGE—PROBABLY THE BEST EQUIPPED AND MOST MODERN OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD

pro rata, after deducting interest and sinking fund charges. Such is the policy of the Provincial governments to this day, in general outline. All that the patrons and co-operative owners can best do and be held responsible for—such as securing supplies of cream, fuel and ice—is left to them, while the governments undertake and ably carry out what can best be done by a central and expert authority, i. e., the designing, erecting, and equipping of the plant, the securing of a competent manager and butter-maker, and the marketing of the product. During the season of 1909 the creameries of these two provinces manufactured over 3,000,000 pounds of butter. Yet the west is popularly regarded as only fit for wheat growing!

This whole creamery enterprise, then was initiated by Dr. James W. Robertson during his term of office as Dominion Commissioner of Dairying and Agriculture, and the west owes him a debt of gratitude for such encouragement in the early days of that greater diversity in farming which must generally prevail, sooner or later, if the west is to be developed permanently and not merely exploited.

Dr. Robertson is another example of those men whom a busy practical life has left little time for attendance upon lectures in college halls, yet who have a great reverence and desire for learning and have spent their lives mainly in teaching. He was able to snatch but one winter from outside claims for work in College, but that winter's work he considers to have been profoundly important in moulding his future career.

Before and after attending college young Robertson was a practical cheese-maker and manager of cheese factories—a whole string of them. At the age of twenty-eight, just when the way seemed opening up in the direction of the university, came the call of the Ontario Agricultural College that this young man who made such good cheese, who could induce others to improve their methods, and who spent his winters in the study of good literature and scientific subjects, should become

its Professor of Dairying. Even then the dream of a university training was not abandoned, but it was destined never to materialize. It was from Professor of Dairying at Guelph that Robertson went to be Commissioner of Dairying for the Dominion and also at the same time, Agriculturist at the Central Experiment Farm, Ottawa.

Thus a secondary, but far from second-rate, education, obtained in Scottish schools before he left the home land for Canada at the age of eighteen, in 1875, was decreed to be the basis young Robertson should build his career upon, and right faithfully did he build upon that native granite foundation well and truly laid.

Men of great wealth are always looking for organizers to put in shape and give effect to the ideas and schemes their experience of life has led them to believe will tend to the uplift of the race or their own aggrandisement, as the case may be. Of such was Sir William Macdonald, of Montreal, the tobacco multi-millionaire, and he sized up the Commissioner of Agriculture and Dairying in 1899 as the right man to entrust with the Macdonald manual training idea and the funds necessary to give it concrete form. This was right in Robertson's line. His present work was so well organized that it no longer needed him. He had trained others to fill his place and they are filling it to-day. He was himself an example of the value of manual training for was not that the route by which he had arrived? He went enthusiastically into the new work at his old home, Guelph, and soon all Canada was talking manual training, and classes were instituted in twenty-one leading cities.

Out of this grew the seed-selection work among the Canadian school children and thus were the parents taught agricultural wisdom through the school plots of their babes and sucklings. The work quickly spread to the elders and soon the Canadian Seed Growers' Association, embracing and encouraging all the isolated workers in the cause of seed selection and improvement from one end to the other of the Dominion, was to emerge, with Dr. Robertson as its president, from his efforts along the lines. Within two years this Association bettered the quality and yield of Canadian cereal crops to the extent of $500,000.00.

Then the consolidation of rural schools attracted his attention and, after a tour of the States to familiarize himself with the whole situation, the first Canadian consolidated school was organized at Guelph in a building supplied and equipped through the munificence of Sir William Macdonald. Thus was this tireless, cool enthusiast the father in Canada of a movement which has spread from province to province and is bound in the logic of events to embrace most of the rural schools of the Dominion, to their eternal good and improved efficiency.

It was from this coupling up of manual training, agriculture in rural schools, and consolidation in the interests of increased teaching efficiency, that the Macdonald College emerged. This institution may fitly be described as the consolidation of all Dr. Robertson's varied activities and interests. Conceived on the broadest lines to do a three-fold work, equipped at a cost of $2,000,000 and endowed with an amount in excess of $2,000,000 by its founder, Sir William Macdonald, the college stands to-day "probably the best equipped and most modern institution of its kind in the world"—to use the words of the report of the Scottish Agricultural Commission which toured Canada last year.

But to merely enumerate the varied activities of this leader of farmers, now fifty-two years of age, and at the zenith of his career, without endeavoring to tell something of the great heart qualities which have endeared him to all whom his head qualities have won respect from, and to many not able to appreciate his great abilities, would be to leave the most human element in the man unnoted. A stickler for quality and thoroughness in work, Dr. Robertson is yet the most patient and forbearing of men in his attitude to the mistakes and shortcomings of the assistant whom he believes to be doing his best. A factory dairyman sent out by him to operate one of the government creameries in the far-away North-

West tells of the letters he was wont to receive from Dr. Robertson in connection with the creamery work. Though not personally acquainted with his chief, the operator says that the tone of sympathy, understanding and encouragement that breathed through the letters often brought the tears to his eyes. It is not often that the correspondence of the head of a department in the Government service has this effect upon the recipients! In truth, Dr. Robertson's genius for organization is not less marked than his genius for giving inspiration. He is a born teacher.

It is not to be wondered at, that, within the year, a fresh honor and a fresh work have been given to this versatile leader, in his appointment to a seat upon the newly organized Conservation Commission which is to formulate plans for the conservation of Canada's vast natural resources of forest, mine and stream. Men of his proved altruistic attitude and temper, wide and deep knowledge of Canada from ocean to ocean, genius for planning and fertility of resource, are so scarce in this or any other land, that they always can count upon being kept busy by the nation that they delight to serve.

Of that group of younger men on whose shoulders now has fallen, to a large extent, the leadership of Western farmers in all that pertains to production, Professor W. J. Black, B.S.A., Principal of Manitoba Agricultural College, the junior institution of its kind in the Dominion, is one of the foremost members. The west is the land of opportunity and Professor Black proved to be the man who could grasp an opportunity and make good. Three years to the very month after graduating from the Ontario Agricultural College, he undertook the duties of Principal of the new Western institution. Under his guidance and leadership the Manitoba Agricultural College has never receded, never marked time, but always advanced.

Growth would be expected in an institution teaching the science, and something of the art, of agriculture in an essentially agricultural Province. It has been achieved. There has been expansion in every direction but one. The annual attendance of students has increased in a steady, satisfactory and unfaltering ratio. Eighty attended throughout the first winter; last winter two hundred were in residence. The faculty has kept pace both in numbers and in teaching power with the requirements of the student body. Buildings and equipment have been added as occasion required and the work demanded. The one thing lacking is more land and that is likely soon to be obtained.

Curriculum and teaching facilities have grown in variety and scope, while public interest and pride in this lusty infant among the educational institutions of the Province has kept pace with its development. There is no institution in the "Postage Stamp Province" to-day regarded with greater confidence or approval than the four-year-old Agricultural College.

Doing the bulk of the planning, bearing the heft of the burden, and getting away with two men's work, to Professor Black more than to any other one man is the credit for this satisfactory showing due. Stepping into this responsibility at the age of thirty-two, the physical strain nearly proved too much for a not robust frame, and his friends at one time feared for the future of the Principal. A long southern trip, relief from the fret and care inseparable from the organization of a complex mechanism, and timely attendance to those important details of diet and care of the physical man, the neglect of which curtails the life work of so many men of promise, proved efficacious, however, and Professor Black now enjoys excellent health, and that satisfaction and peace which result from the knowledge that a difficult task has been well done and the correlated parts of a complex organization are working together in well-oiled, frictionless harmony.

Dr. Robertson had a theory (perhaps has it yet) that a man should not attend university classes until past his thirtieth year. There is much to be said in support of such a theory, and Guelph affords many instances of men

who have graduated later in life than is usual and have since made their mark in the world of agriculture. Of these Professor Black is one, for he did not graduate until thirty years of age—some years above the average for the B. S. A. degree.

He is Ontario bred, born, reared and educated—Canada has seldom needed to import her leaders in rural activities; on the contrary, she has supplied her southern neighbor with many of its ablest educators in this field. In Dufferin County, then, Professor Black grew up, and of the Agricultural Society of that County he was vice-president before entering College at the age of twenty-six. His hobby or specialty on the home farm was breeding and showing light horses. With show ring experience and a liking for the work, it is not surprising that he specialized in animal and field husbandry at College.

The Guelph institution has a splendid record in live stock work and has turned out some of the best judges in America to-day. At the great intercollegiate stock judging contests held each winter in connection with the Chicago International Live Stock Exhibition, the Guelph team has won highest honors several times and has always acquitted itself well. In 1900, W. J. Black, then a third-year student, took first place among the Canadian contestants, and won more in prizes than any of his competitors. From that time on Professor Black has been in frequent demand as a live stock judge and has officiated at many of the leading shows on this continent.

The three years intervening between graduation from Guelph and his appointment as Principal of Manitoba Agricultural College-to-be were actively spent in two less important positions of agricultural leadership in Manitoba. Professor Black came west on the invitation of the William Weld Company to assume editorial charge of their long established and well known farm journal, "The Farmers' Advocate." Under his energetic direction the paper was turned from a semi-monthly to a weekly publication and Dr. Hopkins, until lately chief veterinarian for Saskatchewan in the service of the Live Stock Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, became associate editor. A year later, when Mr. Black accepted the appointment of Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Manitoba, Dr. Hopkins, in turn, assumed editorial direction of the "Advocate." The Deputy Ministership proved but the stepping-stone to the position that was to afford Professor Black what he rightly regards as his life work, and he occupied it but fifteen months before undertaking the onerous task of organizing and developing the first Agricultural College in the west.

No finer example can be found of the scope afforded in the west for rapid advancement than the meteoric rise of this young Canadian farmer to a position of dignity, responsibility, and great opportunity for public service. His many friends among all classes of the community have the utmost confidence that Professor Black will continue to rise and that he will lead that institution of which he is the executive head to ever-widening fields of usefulness and service in the great work of broadening, deepening, uplifting, and sweetening that rural life which is the foundation our national life is being built upon.

AUTUMN ON THE CANADIAN PRAIRIES

BY BLANCHE E. HOLT MURISON

NOW is the after-fulfilment.
Now is the year in its prime;
When out of the West, the Spirit of Rest
Comes to the gates of Time,
And touches the springs of bolt and bar,
And leaves the portals of Peace ajar.

Now is the pageant of Autumn!
When passes in grand review,
Down the glory-path of the aftermath,
In depths of a deeper hue;
The flaming lights of the sunset's fire,
That burn in the Land of Heart's Desire.

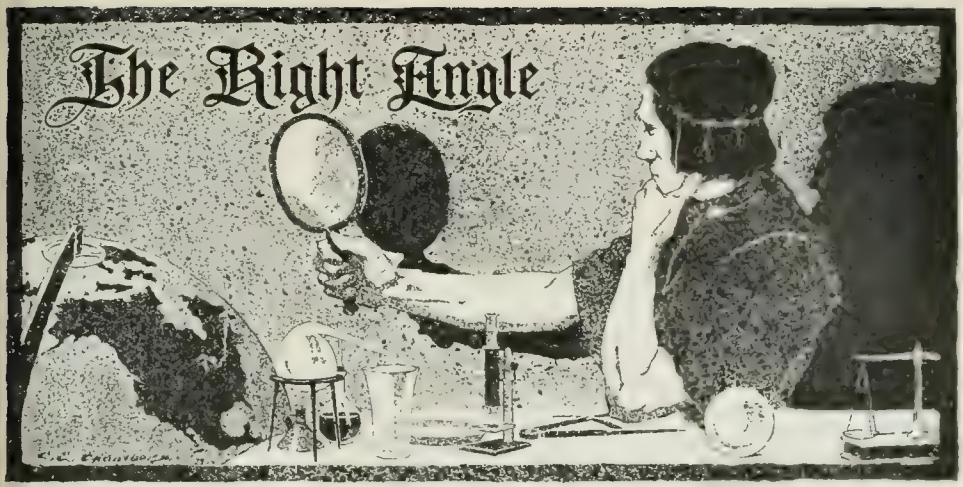
Now is the time of the harvest,
Here in this far Great West;
When the reapers go where the binders throw
The sheaves to the earth's warm breast:
And the toiler smiles at the precious yield
Of the countless stocks, on the league-long field.

Now is the after-fulfilment!
The wonder of crimson and gold,
When the flowers nod on the tired sod,
And the year is growing old;
With its garlands withering one by one,
As the glories pass in the setting sun.

Now is the year in its twilight!
And softly the shadows fall
From the realms of sleep, where the watchers keep
The dreams of life's interval.
While over the spirit of man there draws
The sudden hush of a pregnant pause.

Now is the Indian Summer,
To gladden the lonely plain;
When the sun comes back through the storm-cloud's track,
And the year grows young again:
While the dawn peeps forth through a veil of snow,
And the dusk dies out in a golden glow.

Now is the after-fulfilment!
Now is the year in its prime;
In the Greater West, the spirit of Rest
Broods with a peace sublime:
And the months go down on the homeward slope,
In the later joy of a grander hope.



WHO OWNS HUDSON BAY?

IT IS not unlikely that we may have another Newfoundland Fisheries dispute with the United States when the Hudson's Bay Railway has developed the Mediterranean of the North, when smoke of wheat-laden train and steamer stains the clear sky, and when the riches of the largely unknown country bordering on the Bay have been disclosed. Of Canada's prescriptive right to the territories surrounding that huge body of water there can be no question. In fact in recent years many expeditions have been sent at the expense of the Dominion Government to take possession of unoccupied posts and to raise the British flag so as to assert sovereignty over the entire littoral.

The question at issue with the United States would be as to whether Hudson's Bay is "mare clausum"—a closed sea—or whether it is part of the great ocean and open to the craft of all nations. This principle has been the subject of discussion more than once. One of the main questions in the Alaskan dispute was concerned with the sovereignty of the headwaters of the Lynn Canal, and this was decided in favour of the United States. A similar question is involved in the Newfoundland Fisheries dispute now being presented to the International Tribunal at The Hague. If the decision at The Hague finally overthrows the "closed sea" question, American ships and those of all other nations will be admitted to all bays whose headlands are more than three miles apart at the entrance.

The supply of food fish and fur-bearing animals in Hudson's Bay territory is practically inexhaustible, if proper conservation methods are followed. There are also great schools of whales in these northern waters, which have often tempted American whalers to penetrate to almost unknown regions. About the shores are vast resources, both mineral and timber, of which not much is known. If the Bay is opened to travel during the four or five months when it is possible for vessels constructed for the purpose to get through the Straits, it is easily conceivable that American vessels would want to fish and hunt seals and whales there. After we have spent millions of dollars in exploiting and developing the Hudson's Bay country, and made it a less formidable undertaking to follow Henry Hudson's track, it is safe to predict that there will be a rush of irresponsible killers who will clean out everything marketable in sight.

When Canada is conserving her natural resources, guarding her forests, protecting her game, stocking her rivers with fish, restricting south-the-line use of her water-powers, and providing for future generations as her republican neighbor does not trouble to do, it will not surprise us if the neighbor in question should try to reach over and gobble her wealth without so much as a "by-your-leave."

"THE TIME IS CLOSE AT HAND WHEN MOST OF THE LIVE STOCK PRODUCED IN ALBERTA, AND MARKETED IN A MORE OR LESS UNFINISHED CONDITION, WILL BE SENT TO THE RICH ALFALFA MEADOWS EAST OF CALGARY TO BE PUT IN PRIME SHAPE BEFORE BEING EXPORTED"

GAY JANEY

MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY.

"HOW did I come to write 'Janey'?" said Mrs. Arthur Murphy in a recent letter to CANADA MONTHLY. "I don't know unless it was the old story of the devil and idle hands."

If that's the reason, then, good faith, we owe a debt to the devil, for in "Janey Canuck in the West" Mrs. Murphy has given us a gay, spontaneous, disjointed, feminine and altogether lovable record of what happened during four or five years of life in the prairie provinces to herself, the Padre, Dinah the broncho—short for Dynamite—Pokagon, who soberly stops digging a grave to observe "W'at de odds, Missus? One grave be as comferable as anoder!" and various other folk, not omitting that Théophile whose quaint explanation of the origin of fairies is a jewel indeed.

It is tempting, though useless, to catalogue. Says Mrs. Murphy herself. "What did I find to write about in Saskatchewan and Manitoba? Heaps of things. Lumber-camps, liars, moose, Doukhobors, big fish, a game they called poker, homesteads, servant girls, huskies, pies, runaway horses, Indians, frogs, gardens and good things to eat." After this salad chronicle she continues, "I wrote a lot more, but I couldn't look the stuff in the face, I hated it so much—you don't catch me telling this to Messrs. The Publishers—and I gave it to some half-breed fellows who wanted paper for gunpowder wads. They rolled the gunpowder in the pages and made charges wherewith to blow

rocks out of the Swan River. I used to stand on the bank and encore the explosions, for, don't you see, I was a rising author! Even stones couldn't keep me down!"

Mrs. Murphy's previous "Janey" stories, "Janey Canuck Abroad" and Janey Canuck at Home" have been very well received, and the new member of the family is fully worthy of its traditions. Concerning her pen name of "Emily Ferguson," Mrs. Murphy explains demurely, "Now the Padre is my 'steady,' and he is a preacher. This is why I didn't dare write the book under my own name. The Bishop would of a surety discipline him—or whatever bishops do—for all the heavy, cynical things he has said to me in that book, to say nothing of his reprobate conduct in turning me out of the sleigh to walk, or his scolding me when he pulled me out of the river."

When you find that rare person who has an eye for the charm of the commonplace and a sense of humor to colour the small happenings of life, you have found something unexpected and as delightful as a lavender pearl in a fresh-water clam. Above all, Mrs. Murphy has a talent for illuminating the drab of daily existence, and for this, if for no other reason, "Janey" is well worth gaining for a friend.

Janey Canuck in the West. Cassell & Co., Ltd., Toronto; $1.50.

THE BLUE FLOWER

EVERY girl—and doubtless more boys than would confess it—have hunted the lucky four-leaved clover along the dewy summer lanes; and there have been other than poets who have listened to the ancient legend of the Blue Flower that brings happiness to its finder, with something more than a disbelieving smile. No botany gives its classification; no spectacled man of science has ever surprised it on its slender stem; and nobody can tell us that we are wrong when we assert on our word of honor as an editor and a believer in fairies that the blue-flowered fortune teller is no other than the alfalfa that stars Canadian fields with azure and waves its clover leaves in the chinook wind.

Mr. Rothwell, in his article on alfalfa in this number of CANADA MONTHLY, tells whence it came and what it is doing for Canada, and his account does it no more than justice. Alfalfa is bound to be one of our best crops, not only as a stock-fattener, but as a soil-conserver. It is a wise thing to encourage Canadian farmers to sow their fields to alfalfa; it is a wiser to provide for future generations an enriched and productive soil instead of the impoverished fields that descend to sons and daughters under the old method of farming.

As for the Blue Flower of happiness it is only necessary to look at the cheerful Canadian farmer, and his sunny wife and his brood of rosy-cheeked youngsters, to be quite sure that they have found it growing at their door.

A BORN DIPLOMAT

ONE of the most noticeable things in the Premier's tour of the west is the smooth and easy way in which he keeps everything running without friction or jar, and makes everybody happy. It goes without saying that in such a trip many things are put up to him that he cannot promise, and which must be referred to his ministers, or laid on the table until circumstances make it possible to take them up But he never refuses curtly; he always has time to be thoughtful and courteous, to temper the "no" with a regret that it cannot be "yes". Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a born diplomat, and wherever he goes you find a string of smiling faces and a crop of good humor unfailingly springing up. He promises only what he is sure he can perform; and when he cannot promise, his refusal is so gracious, and he so gives the impression of intending to do his level best by everybody that he cannot but win hearts.

As everybody knows, Sir Wilfrid is not a smoker, and when the bill against smoking was up not so long ago, Sir Wilfrid was personally neutral, saying very little and waiting until some of the fever-heat language should subside. As he sat there, quiet and collected amid the hurtle of words, some oppon-

ent of the Government pushed and shouldered his way through the assembly, thrust his face up into Laurier's and shrieked hoarsely, "Now, Mr. Premier, it's up to *you*! It's up to *you*! What are *you* going to do about it?" And Laurier, unruffled, said without a smile, "Stop smoking, my dear sir—stop smoking!"

Sir Wilfrid not only does not smoke, but he drinks very little, confining himself habitually to a light Rhine wine well mixed with water, which, like many Frenchmen, he often has served at table. However, there was one occasion when he broke both his rule and his record. That was at Sorel, in opening the campaign of 1904. Everybody remembers Sir Wilfrid's Sorel speech, by many said to be the best speech he ever made, brilliant, trenchant, witty—a speech to make you sit up and blink. When he came upon the platform at Sorel, there stood on the table at his hand a pitcher filled with a light amber liquid, very cold, which Sir Wilfrid took to be his usual beverage. Sir Wilfrid was absorbed in his speech; the hall was very warm. He poured out a glassful and drank between paragraphs. Presently he drank again, hardly seeing the glass, intent upon his audience and the point he was driving home. The speech flowered like a Hindu juggler's mango tree; Sir Wilfrid swung the audience at his will; and when it was over the house rose at him, in footlight parlance, carried off their feet.

After the first exaltation died down, Sir Wilfrid took stock of the situation, and quietly asked the chairman of the reception committee what was in that pitcher.

"Why," said he, "I thought possibly you might like a glass of my '81 champagne before the speech, and somebody misunderstood my directions, and filled up your pitcher. I hope you feel none the worse for it, Sir Wilfrid?"

The Premier smiled. "Not at all," he said. "It is indeed excellent champagne." But there has never since been a speech quite like that Sorel speech, and in all likelihood there never will be one again. Miracles may happen—but not usually twice.

ARTHUR STRINGER, NATURE POET

IT WAS old Horace, wasn't it, who "went to dine with Lydia and with Lalage" at the Sabine Farm, and established an agricultural tradition for poets?

Well, barring Lalage, the fashion seems to have spread, until one almost expects to get a circular from the ambrosial gods, announcing daintily on antique book that Apollo has laid out Mount Parnassus in truck-gardens, and would be pleased to receive orders for early lettuce (Lucullus' extra curly, very good for salads, with a dressing of oil and Falernian) and shall he not advise Iris to place one's name on her morning call-book?

What are we talking about, anyway? Oh, just Arthur Stringer's melon-patch. It wasn't so very long ago that he wrote to us from "Shadow-Lawn," excusing his delayed answer with the remark that "me'n the hired man are now making ready our Montreal melon-beds. Last year I grew one thirty-four inches in diameter, and I'm prouder of it than anything that ever came out of an inkwell."

What do you know about that, for the man who wrote "The Woman in the Rain?" And—worse!—when we reproached him, he simply went and gloated all over two sheets of paper! Says he unblushingly: "If you think I'm not a real farmer, just peruse the attached clipping. Why, for two years I've grown the earliest sweet-corn in Kent County, 'Minneapolis Peep-o'-day' in fifty-nine days, and last year 'Burpee's Sweet Catawba' in sixty-one days. I was the first man to grow the 'Montreal melon' in this end of Ontario, and last year ten of us dined on one that was exactly thirty-four inches in circumference. But this is one thing I brag about, so don't start me!"

Shameless, you see! With a sigh, we turned to the "attached clipping." It told how he succeeded in growing artichokes, the ancestors of which he had brought back from Morocco, has coaxed Alabama sugar-cane to a height of fourteen feet, petted peanuts and okra into bloom, raised Kentucky sweet potatoes, and taken prizes at county fairs with his grapes. "He

also grows a variety of so-called Havana tobacco," pursued the clipping, "of which he is inordinately proud. He starts the seed in a hot-house, and carefully watches over his crop—but Canada is considerably north of Cuba. This tobacco he sends about to his chosen friends in precious little sample packages. None of these friends was ever known to try it twice. It has been described as 'Canadian sunburn,' and its aroma is not mild. But Stringer adheres to it doggedly, with the calm stubbornness of the true Canuck, and the conscious pride of a patriot furthering the good name of his native land."

Considering the tradition of Horace, and Arthur Stringer's laudable ambition to prove what Ontario can do when it really picks up its feet and gets down to business, we can forgive him if we have to.

———'Wonder if his melons taste good when they are ripe?

ALFALFA, THE CROP THAT FEEDS THE SOIL

BY W. A. ROTHWELL

"ALFALFA! Huh! What's alfalfa?"

They were bent over their typewriters in the business-college, wrestling with the third lesson in the manual. They had achieved a perfect page of "qwert yuiops"; had managed another page of "lad," "ash," "sag," and the like, without a single incorrect letter; and now their aching fingers were thrust up against this ingenious pitfall of a word with three letters, three syllables, and Noah Webster alone knew what meaning.

"What's alfalfa? Why, it's sumpn they feeds pigs," ventured a bepuffed young lady, who had once visited a country cousin.

"Sure, it's first cousin to a shamrock," added an Irish patriot.

"Well, I don't know what they do with it, an' I don't care," said somebody in the back row, disgustedly firing another page into the waste-basket, "but if you ask me, I should say it was the very dickens!"

It is interesting to trace the gradual struggle alfalfa has made for recognition; in fact, for life. No—not for life, either; this plant has a tenacity of existence which would shame the most adventurously nine-lived pussy that ever cadenzaed on a moonlit back fence. When winter comes, there is an apparent death, but, spring after spring, those delicate green shoots again appear. In faraway Russia it competed with wheat for the popular favor. The latter apparently triumphed, for was it not from Russia that we first secured the world-famed wheat which so quickly adapted itself to the soil and climatic conditions of Kansas? All this was long before the State even recognized alfalfa. The wheat resulting was the Kansas Turkey Red—imported from the Province of Toorkie, Russia—one of exceptional value by reason of its unequalled milling qualities. Wheat has flourished in Kansas; it has made the wheat barons of the Kansas plains, and in so doing

planted its standard of gold over scores of hundreds of thousands of acres in Kansas. For years wheat has been the magnet to draw there a cosmopolitan world, but to-day it is recognized that wheat has merely served the purpose of colonizing that state. They are now growing crops other than wheat, which, in a sense, has done the pioneer work in soil cultivation, giving the land a tilth permitting of the successful raising of sugar beets, corn, fodder crops, etc.

In fact, farmers in that district at last saw that a crop rotation was required. This demanded increased labor, which was not to their liking, but the soil's fertility had to be and has to be maintained, if possible, and at any cost.

Then a strange thing happened. Alfalfa had been working over-time for several years; in fact, just to show that it was "game" did not give up and die because wheat was in power, but continued to work long shifts, giving the farmer profits greater than secured from wheat culture and at the same time feeding the soil with that fertility sustaining tonic, nitrogen.

The reward was soon forthcoming. Even United States senators bowed down to Queen Alfalfa and foretold that King Wheat would, in Kansas, be deposed. They referred to the coming supremacy of alfalfa as the survival of the fittest, a new American democracy, but associated with plant life. Speech after speech was made by those senators, by agricultural experts and by experienced alfalfa farmers. The result was a further wearing of the green by Kansas. As an evidence of this it may be said that while in 1891 there were only 34,384 acres of alfalfa in that State, in 1909 there were under this crop 992,663 acres. The march of alfalfa is continuing in Kansas; the 992,663 acres under crop last year is merely the vanguard of almost countless acres that will later be devoted to alfalfa. The gold of "fully ripe" wheat is giving place to the green and blue of "ready-to-cut" alfalfa.

The acreage of alfalfa in Saskatchewan is steadily increasing. Last January the agricultural societies, in Convention at Regina, under the direction of the Provincial Government, inaugurated an alfalfa contest, giving a prize of $1,000.00 for the best ten-acre field of alfalfa sown in 1912 and judged in 1914. This contest instantly found favor with the Saskatchewan farmers. Every man jack was bound to have that thousand, and before the societies knew it, the contest had grown vastly wider in scope than they had planned. Four divisions have been made of the Province; six prizes, one each of $500.00, $400.00, $300.00, $200.00, $100.00 and $75.00 will be given in each division. Each contestant must be a member of the nearest agricultural society, and his field must be within twenty miles of the society. In this Saskatchewan contest no artificially irrigated crop will be eligible. Entries must be made by August 1, 1913, with the director of agricultural extension work, and no contestant must make more than one entry.

Under these conditions, F. Headley Auld, secretary of the judging committee, is being overwhelmed with entries, communications and offers of special prizes. Many of the Saskatchewan farmers are from the United States, and familiar with the raising of alfalfa, and it is undoubted that this competition will put thousands of acres of Saskatchewan land under this leguminous crop that is so good for the soil and so excellent a fattening food for cattle, sheep and swine.

And now let us turn to Alberta: Are we to show the destiny of our irrigated meadows? You say that irrigation is for fruit growing and gardening. Well, we go you one better and assert that already the major portion of the irrigated acreage in the United States is devoted to alfalfa culture. Here is the proof according to the United States census report of 1900: "Of the total irrigated acreage in the United States and its territories during 1900—3,665,654 acres or 64.2 per cent. were in hay and forage; 1,399,709 acres, or 24.5 per cent. in cereals; 251,289 acres, or 4.4 per cent. in orchard fruits; 168,432 acres or 2.9 per cent. in vegetables; and 226,881, or 4 per cent., in other crops. Other figures may lie, but the figures given by

the United States census reports are as reliable as the Bank of England.

But you say that there is other hay and other fodder besides alfalfa. Mr. C. W. Wright, the agricultural expert, in the Saturday Evening Post, says and truly that: "Three to six tons of hay during a season is an average yield for an acre of alfalfa land; hay that commands a higher price in the Kansas City market than clover or timothy and is worth twelve dollars per ton at the farm. The gross income from an acre of alfalfa swells to fifty or seventy-five dollars, with exceptional instances, when one hundred dollars is exceeded in a single season."

Try to secure the same results from timothy or clover or brome grass, and you will go back to alfalfa and wear its little blue flower in your button-hole, like a chip on your shoulder, and dare anyone to say that there is any fodder to compare with your new love.

In Western Canada they have some of the big things of the continent; the Bow River Valley of Southern Alberta as an instance. There is the biggest irrigation enterprise on the continent and the Canadians are talking of its destiny as bound up in alfalfa. It is scarcely right to refer to them all as Canadians, however, as so many have so recently come over that they scarcely have had time to endeavor to draw comparisons.

Kansans? Yes, numbers of them, and they are fathering alfalfa culture. The cosmopolitan throngs that are crowding in are all raising alfalfa, too. First, of course, it is wheat, which must be supreme for a few years until the soil is in a good tilth permitting of the successful sowing of alfalfa. The Kansas Turkey Red, rechristened Alberta Red, now holds sway over a vast territory, but even now the invasion of alfalfa is assuming proportions highly satisfactory to the bulls of the wheat pit and the bulls of the plains.

There is an acclimatized, naturalized and citizenized rancher in Southern Alberta—and, by the way, he is not the only one—who has his town house in Calgary and his ranches in the foothills and extending out on the plains until his cattle pasture on green sward to-day that is to-morrow turned under by the steam plow. His name is Lane, and although he is long and lank, guided by his past, it is safe to say that he proves the exception to the rule, for there is no turn in him. Annually he has sold thousands of head of fat steers, and annually he is going to continue to sell thousands of additional head.

Naturally he sees that his range on the plains is being restricted. He was even told that while he may have undisputed possession of the foot-hills for a number of years, it will be necessary to cut down the size of his herds. Did this prophecy turn him? No. "Why not alfalfa?" said he, coolly. And alfalfa it was. Last year he bought ten thousand acres on the banks of the Bow River. This is not going to be a mere calf pasture, either; rather it is going to be a life-sized alfalfa field and fattening camp. In proof of this, Mr. Lane is already preparing to develop over 1,000 acres with a view to sowing to this fodder. You say he is visionary? No. He has been brought up in a school that secures its lessons from the failures of others. The outcome is, he makes no failures. He has studied the results others have secured with alfalfa in the district surrounding his land. He is content with their success and is going to make a success of his venture. Will he irrigate his alfalfa? Most certainly.

Alfalfa is a plant particularly fitted for cultivation under irrigation. Not that it requires an excessive amount of moisture to thrive, but rather because it can withstand long seasons of drought, and when moisture is supplied resumes rapid growth with apparently no backset due to the forced standstill. On the average irrigated farm, it is not usually practicable for the farmer to irrigate every part of his farm just when it should be. There are sure to be certain fields, or parts of fields that cannot be reached just when the crop requires moisture. With most crops this may prove a serious loss, but with alfalfa, it only means a loss of growth while the soil is in a very dry condition. It is during July and August, the hottest months, that this plant makes its most rapid growth, provided the

moisture is not exhausted, which does not happen where irrigation is practised. In districts where the plant thrives, it is hard to say how long a life it may have. There are fields in Colorado that have been producing hay for twenty-five years and they seem just as thrifty and produce apparently just as luxuriant a growth as neighboring fields that are many years younger. In California fields are reported to be yielding well that are over fifty years old. Under conditions in the Bow River Valley it seems quite evident that it would be better to allow the fields to remain seeded down for a number of years, say, not less than five or six at the least, for the reason that it takes two years or more for them to become well established. It has been observed that fields four or five years old yield better than those but two or three years old.

So our friend, George Lane, is preparing to sow a crop that, by means of irrigation, will yield him at least three cuttings per annum and give him a net return of from $50.00 to $75.00 per acre per year, and his only worry about resowing and renewing the stand of this crop is whether it will be the second or third generation that he will have to instruct as to how to recultivate and resow the land, one or two decades hence.

Then there is Pat Burns, who is one of Western Canada's best known citizens. Also he is a millionaire packer with plants at Calgary and Vancouver, and a score of branches throughout Alberta and British Columbia. Well, it seems that the visible supply of cattle did not create a big enough speck on the horizon of Mr. Burns. He wanted more cattle and hogs and sheep. He realized the value of alfalfa, but being a diplomat he did not take the bull by the horns. Instead, he said to the farmer: "Wheat farms are displacing the cattle ranches. Take heed, ere it be too late, or in three years, perhaps in two years, Alberta will be compelled to import beef for local consumption. Importing beef into Alberta will mean that householders will pay two and three cents per pound more than they do now for their meat."

Dazzled by dollar wheat, many farmers are now selling their breeding stock to make room for more wheat. Therein lies the danger of which Mr. Burns gives warning. If farmers continue to sell their breeding stock, Alberta will no longer be in a position to export cattle; it will no longer be in a position to supply the demands of home consumption. On the contrary, it will be forced to import beef for its rapidly increasing population.

The striking statement of Mr. Burns created excitement—it created the comment that he desired. In fact, the very next day there appeared an article putting to rout the opinions of Mr. Burns. At the same time the possibilities of alfalfa as a stock-feeding crop offering a large amount of fattening material in a small area were shown. Did it bother Pat Burns? No. It was the stroke he had played for. To Mr. C. W. Peterson, former Deputy Minister of Agriculture for the Northwest Territories, was reserved the honor of delivering that stroke which read, in part, as follows:

"There are two classes of stockmen disposing of their breeding herds to-day. In the first place, the large land owning raucher whose holding is suitable for winter wheat production and commands a value accordingly. He has no option in the matter. He simply calculates that he can take the money realized upon the sale of his land and make a higher rate of interest on it than by leaving his investment in a cattle ranch. Secondly, the smaller stockman, who owns perhaps a quarter or a half section of land, and who has been depending on securing grazing land adjoining his holding for the accommodation of his herd and who now finds that these lands are being purchased by winter wheat producers and fenced up. His range is thus cut off and it is difficult to see how he can help himself. He must either secure more land by purchasing or reduce his herd to correspond with the carrying capacity of the land he actually owns or controls. He generally elects to go into wheat himself or sells to someone else. No argument in the world will change these conditions and the shrinkage of our herds from these causes, which are the principal ones, is a matter which we must accept as inevitable. It is merely a case of the 'survival of the fittest'.

"The time is close at hand when most of the live stock produced in Alberta, and now marketed in a more or less unfinished condition, will be sent to the rich alfalfa meadows east of Calgary, there to be put into prime shape before being exported or

slaughtered. A home market at highly remunerative prices will thus be made available for all the fodder that can be produced on irrigated lands, with the additional advantage of having the feed consumed on the irrigated farm and ultimately returned to the soil that grew it, thus maintaining its fertility.

"The certainty of the irrigated lands of this district producing alfalfa as a leading crop opens up a vista of possibilities in many directions. During the early years of settlement in this Province, the claim was made that Alberta possessed all the natural conditions to make it one of the leading live-stock countries in the world. When farmers invaded the rancher's domain later on, and numerous crops of winter wheat and other coarse grains were raised year after year, Alberta's fame as the foremost stock country faded, and the world henceforth knew it only as a great crop-producing district. The advent of alfalfa will again bring the live-stock industry to the front in Southern Alberta; history thus repeating itself.

"There is an enormous area of country lying west of Calgary that will always be devoted to the raising of live-stock, namely, the foothills. Owing to the difficulty of grain raising there, it is reasonable to suppose that the mature steers will be brought to the central market at Calgary and Lethbridge and shipped out again to the alfalfa meadows of the irrigation belts to be finished prior to export."

That was the card Mr. Burns played for, and to show the interest that was aroused, it may be said that last fall the Western States were invaded by experienced Canadian buyers, who secured large quantities of the best alfalfa seed. Were they able to sell it to their brother Canadians? Well, rather; in fact, it was necessary to restrict the amount sold to one individual in order that all might have a chance to secure at least a small quantity. Next year they will buy more; in fact, the alfalfa farmer of Kansas, Utah and Montana, who will allow at least one crop to go to seed will be well advised, as the price of alfalfa seed will soar. We have no alfalfa pit in our Winnipeg Board of Trade, or for that matter in any of our grain exchanges, but the Canadians are going to be pitted against Uncle Sam's nephews in their endeavor to secure the American's available alfalfa seed surplus. As in Kansas there will be a wearing of the green in Western Canada that will make the country look like one vast garden.

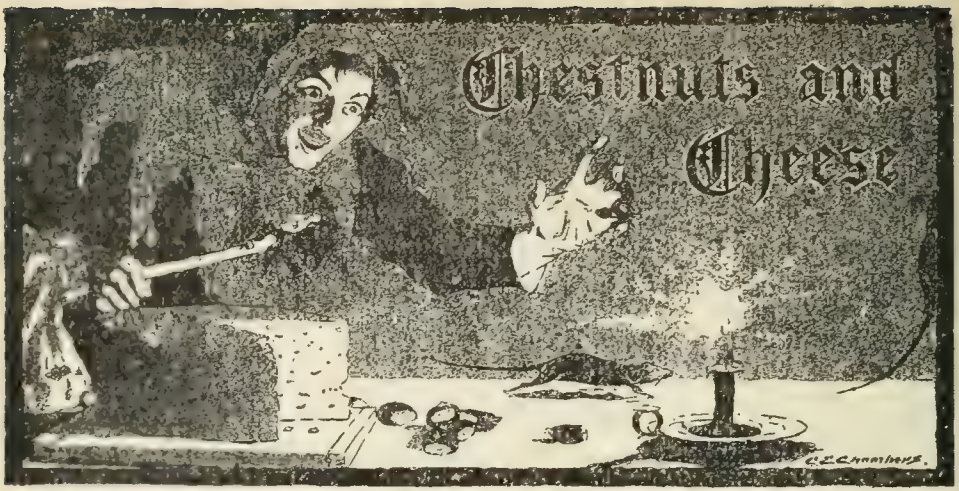
TWILIGHT LOVE SONG

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

UNDER thy lattice I wait,
Madonna mia!
Hearing the evening bells,
Ave Maria!

Softly thou sayest a prayer,
Ave Maria!
Would that my name were there,
Madonna mia!

Worship the Virgin, sweet,
Ave Maria!
I kneel but at thy feet,
Madonna mia!



HUMANE

"GEE!" says the first little boy. "I hate to go home. My mamma always wants to give me a bath every evening."

"So does mine," says the second little boy, "but I don't mind it. My papa is a doctor, and she always gets him to chloroform me, so I never know a thing about it until it is all over."

JUST SO

NOBODY ever gets ahead of a Grouch for he is always going in the opposite direction to the crowd.

HIS MISTAKE

"BUT," we say to the young reformer who had gone single-handed against the rapacious trust that was fastening itself cormorantlike, etc. (we quote from his earlier speeches), "but, you said you were a David defying this modern Goliath."

"I diagnosed the situation incorrectly," he confesses. "I was Jonah swimming toward the whale."

THE MATCH

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

SHE cannot make a biscuit,
He cannot make a cent,
She knows no thing of broiling,
He is not built for toiling,
Yet still they think they'll risk it
Though he can't pay the rent—
She cannot make a biscuit,
He cannot make a cent.

She rises late of mornings,
He stays out late at nights,
She plays quite well at euchre,
He has no heap of lucre,
And yet in spite of warnings
Their troth they want to plight;
She rises late of mornings,
He stays out late at nights.

She cannot fry potatoes,
He cannot drive a nail,
She never had a worry,
He never had to hurry.
She cannot slice tomatoes,
At beating rugs he'd fail;
She cannot fry potatoes,
He cannot drive a nail.

She is no good at dusting,
He cannot mend a chair
Nor can be build a fire,
Yet she is his desire
And with affection trusting
She knows they'll have no care—
She is no good at dusting,
He cannot mend a chair.

They'll blame it all on Cupid
When life is going wrong,
And each will scold the other
And she'll go home to mother
And say that he is stupid
While he'll use phrases strong.
They'll blame it all on Cupid
When life is going wrong.

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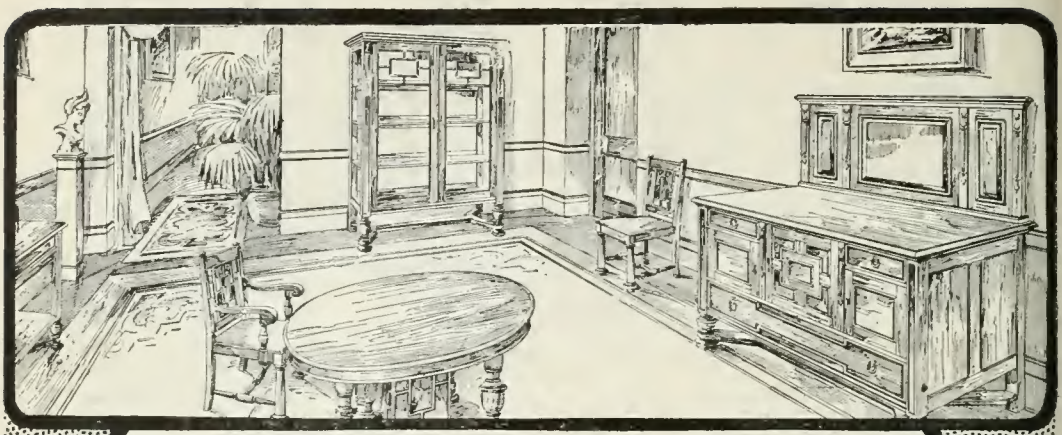

The Dining-Room Should Be---a Place of Beauty

That's granted. But the furniture in that room is worked overtime. To buy a new suite every few years costs money. YOU don't need to. **"LACQUERET"** will restore the original beauty of your dining-room suite, making it just as attractive as the day you bought it. **LACQUERET** is not a paint, nor is it a varnish, but a **beautifying lacquer** made with soluble and **permanent colors.** It is elastic, hard drying and lustrous and **easily** applied. Its original **beauty is lasting.** ¶ Write for our booklet, **"Dainty Decorator."** It is entertaining and informing. A post card brings it.

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